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AUGUST 9, 1966

IETNAM:
ce on the 1954 terms?

NATIONAL REVIEW

BUFFALO BILL IS DYING

A Summer Festival JOHANNES EFF

You're sailing along in your Santa Maria, see,
On the lookout for red herrings and other sech flea
Bitten figments of pre-Columban art when blat!
Off the end you go which serves you right fer
fergetting the world is flat.

Also in This Issue:

WILL HERBERG ON THE DEATH OF GOD–
PART ONE OF A RESURRECTIONARY SERIES...

PLUS

urnham, Meyer, Buckley, Kenner, Russell, Waugh and Geltman

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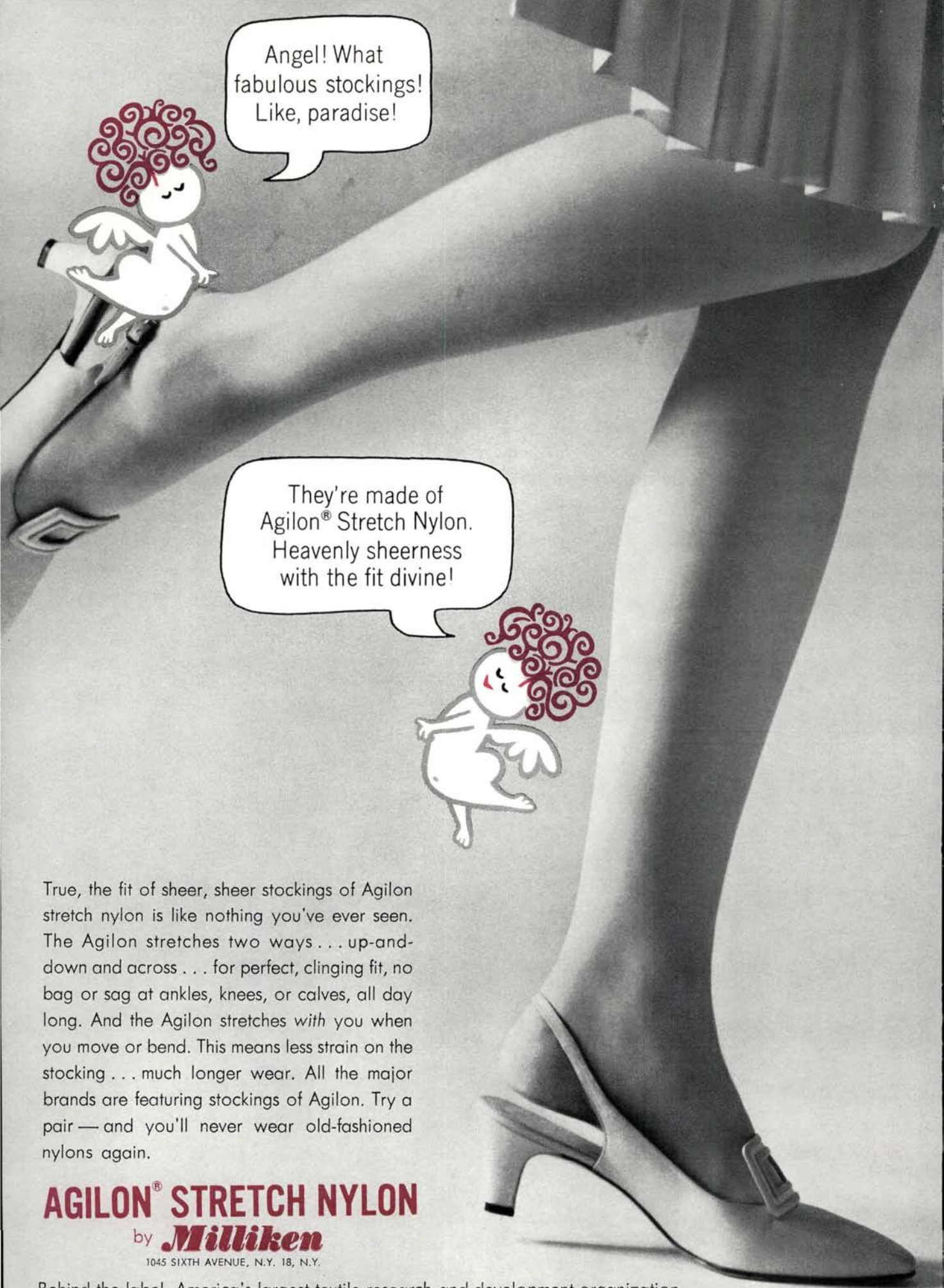
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NATIONAL REVIEW

A JOURNAL OF FACT AND OPINION

EDITOR: Wm. F. Buckley Jr.
PUBLISHER: William A. Rusher

EDITORS
James Burnham, Arlene Croce,
Frank S. Meyer, William F. Rickenbacker

MANAGING EDITOR: Priscilla L. Buckley
ASSISTANT PUBLISHER: J. P. McFadden

ASSOCIATES
M. Stanton Evans, Will Herberg,
Hugh Kenner, James Jackson Kilpatrick, Dorothy Rea,
Ralph de Toledano, Timothy J. Wheeler, Garry Wills

CONTRIBUTORS
C. D. Batchelor, L. Brent Bozell, Colm Brogan,
John Chamberlain, Frank Chodorov, Guy Davenport, Joan Didion,
W. H. von Dreele, David Franke, Neal Freeman, Nika Standen Hazelton,
Aloise B. Heath, Suzanne La Follette, Sir Shane Leslie, Sir Arnold Lunn,
Vincent Miller, Thomas Molnar, Gerhart Niemeyer, Morrie Ryskind,
Alec Waugh, Frederick D. Wilhelmsen

FOREIGN CONTRIBUTORS
London: Anthony Lejeune
Munich: E. v. Kuehnelt-Leddihn
African Affairs: Elspeth Huxley
At Large: William S. Schlamm

ART DIRECTOR: James W. O'Bryan
PRODUCTION: Edward A. Capano
CIRCULATION MANAGER: Joan A. Rasanen
ADVERTISING DIRECTOR: John Prichard
ADVERTISING CONSULTANT: Howard W. Long Jr.

CONTENTS *AUGUST 9, 1966 VOL. XVIII NO. 32*

THE WEEK 756

ARTICLES, DEPARTMENTS

Letters 750
Enter Patriotism? .....*Wm. F. Buckley Jr.* 764
Hanoi's Special Weapons System ..*James Burnham* 765
Buffalo Bill is Dying .....*Johannes Eff* 766
The Philosophy Behind It .....*Will Herberg* 771
Vietnam: Peace on the 1954 Terms
Frank N. Trager 778
A Stillness at Berryville .....*James Fletcher* 781
The City of the Caliphs .....*Alec Waugh* 784
The Draft .....*Frank S. Meyer* 785
Trans-O-Gram 797
For the Record 800

BOOKS, ARTS, MANNERS

Buster Agonistes .....*Hugh Kenner* 786
The Strength of the Name .....*Guy Davenport* 787
Boswell Without Johnson? .....*Garry Wills* 790
The Essence and the Tactics
Walter Darnell Jacobs 792
The Reign in Spain .....*Frances Russell* 793
Books in Brief 796

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In This Issue . . .

➔ The question is the Geneva Agreements of 1954 and their relation to the action in Vietnam. The pearl diver is Prof. **Frank M. Trager** of New York University, a veteran of five years' residence in Southeast Asia, who comes up with a clear and carefully fashioned decision that anyone who would at this late date take up U.S. duties under those Agreements is merely giving aid and comfort to the enemy. . . . **"James Fletcher"** is in real life a citizen of the old Dominion, sports a doctorate from Oxford, has published reports in *NR* on the British coverage of the 1965 NYC mayoralty race and the Vietnam war, and now turns reverently though analytically to the Virginia that will go on without Mr. Byrd. . . . Prof. **Will Herberg** honors the "death of God" theologians as they have seldom honored themselves. He takes them seriously, identifies the ancient roots of this not new aberration, in the first of three important short essays. . . . **Johannes Eff** shares with us a few of the points covered in a recent interview with W. Cody, Esq. Life on the prairie was never tougher than this.

➔ **Wm. F. Buckley Jr.** notices that President Johnson is being criticized for appealing to American patriotic impulses in the Vietnam war, and asks whether that appeal is really reprehensible or even impractical. . . . **Frank S. Meyer** opens up the question of military service in a free nation. Should it be compulsory? Optional? Or sometimes this, sometimes that? Do citizens have *duties?* . . . **James Burnham** describes a new weapons system. As used in Hanoi, it has three parts: 1) captive U.S. pilots, 2) the U.S. implication that each step up the ladder of war is a step down the ladder of virtue; and 3) the U.S. dominance in the Nuremberg trials, decisions, and subsequent doctrine. See how they fit together. . . . Oh, it is almost a quarter-century since **Alec Waugh** first spent a spell in Baghdad. He has been back once or twice since, and the changes in the city, if not in human nature, are noticeable. His notice of them is this issue's special delectation.

➔ Prof. **Hugh Kenner** turns his ever seeing eyes upon the spectacle of life as it is transmitted by a poet of action who dwells ever so slightly but ever so irretrievably apart. Joseph Frank Keaton was his alias, as Buster was his real name. Pity the comedian! . . . Prof. **Guy Davenport,** translator of Sappho, transmitter of literature, teacher of English, whose most recent publication is a volume of verse, puts three works of modern fiction to the tests that might be expected of a man whose duty it is in life to measure such productions. He gives two flunks and a minimal pass. . . . Prof. **Garry Wills** is moved, on recent evidence, to say something about that young laird Mr. Boswell, who it is said is on excellent terms with the difficult Dr. Johnson. The upshot is that we think Boswell not all that intricate; and we prefer Dr. Johnson (always remembering his faithful stenographer). . . . Prof. **Walter Darnell Jacobs** of the University of Maryland, author of a recent study of South West Africa distributed by the American African Affairs Association, tips his hat to a recent study of cold war strategy. . . . **Francis Russell,** home again and liberated from his book on Albrecht Dürer, writes absorbingly of Spain in agony, and asks if a Franco is not preferable to civil annihilation. ➔

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LETTERS

The Value Line

More power to investor apathy these days, when such as The Value Line "recommends" Owen Lattimore.

I'm sending Mr. Buckley's history lesson ["Blue Chip Foreign Policy Opinion," July 26] to this advisory service recommending:

(a) its suitability for framing and
(b) that they promptly hire a middle-aged Formosan analyst.

Brooklyn, N.Y. PATRICIA MCDONOUGH

Rusher on the GOP

William Rusher writing on "Party Loyalty" [July 26] is about as persuasive as a lecture on chastity by Madame de Pompadour. It might have been sporting of Mr. Rusher to acknowledge his own failure in 1960 to support Richard Nixon, a candidate, by the way, who did not attempt, as Goldwater did, to read his opponents out of the party in the months before the convention, in the nomination speech itself and after the election.

Mr. Rusher contends that in *The Party That Lost its Head* George Gilder and I show no willingness to compromise or to understand the party's conservatives. This just isn't so, and we have one and a half chapters in the book to prove it.

Indeed, we wish Mr. Rusher were as willing to understand as we are. He attempts to reduce ("crudely," as he says) our description of the changing demography of politics to one of the "Negro vote," when in fact, we are talking much more of the generational revolution that has put young people in a majority in America.

Mr. Rusher may not like that majority, but there it is, and any serious Republican Party is going to have to deal with it.

BRUCE K. CHAPMAN
Whitney Communications Corp.
New York, N.Y.

Party loyalty is a rule of conduct applicable to professional politicians who benefit from party support, and it was signally violated by just about all of Mr. Chapman's Liberal Republican heroes in 1964. The rule cannot, however, rationally be used to coerce ordinary citizens —fortunately, in view of the heavy preponderance of enrolled Democrats.—ED.

The known attributes of Liberal prose, such as bias, inconsistency, half-truths, smear and illogic, have found their way into Mr. Rusher's recent article "The Plot to Steal the GOP" [July 12].

He castigates the Hugh Scott-Smylie Liberal tandem for "their cynical effort to smear" a group of New Jersey YRs. Yet, in the same breath, he uses a similar approach in describing "impassioned kookery" of the California Young Republicans. California Young Republicans who have been instrumental in all conservative political victories in California are "kooks." The anti-Syndicate New Jersey conservatives are "authentic right-wing extremists." But, Tom Van Sickle and his boys come out of this journalistic mud smelling like roses . . . REDUCTIO AD ABSURDUM, Mr. Rusher!

MIKE DJORDJEVICH
President, California Young Republicans
Daly City, Calif.

William A. Rusher's remarks on the California scene are especially revealing. For it is the Birch YRs, characterized by the current ruling CYR clique, who are always preaching about "principle" and complaining of "shadowy senior figures" and other Hallowe'en-type figures allegedly behind YRNF leadership. And yet it is they, as Rusher notes, who so willingly cooperate with Truax, Smylie, and puppets' (i.e., Flaherty's, Kading's) attempts to get YRNF to dance to a Liberal tune.

What the YRs, and Republicans in general have got to do is to avoid a flight from the problems and ambiguities of the possible into the imagined solutions and certainties of the impossible. But, and at least as important, they must not allow the Liberals' use of Birchism as a scareword to frighten them into emulating those apologists for the Great Society who find it politically convenient to place "R's" after their names. And at this twofold task the national YR leadership is doing a pretty good job.

Long Beach, Calif. LARRY PETERSON

One encouraging fact emerged with crystal clarity from Mr. Rusher's review of *The Party That Lost Its Head* [July 16] and it is that the Liberals have gotten punchy. Only a scrambled mind could rant about the insidious right-wing plot while concurrently asserting that the conspiracy theory itself is a symptom of some kind of fascist paranoia. How pathetic it is that they once could laugh (albeit nervously) at Senator McCarthy for "seeing a Communist behind every tree" and now find a Senator McCarthy behind those same trees.

Bronx, N.Y. GODFREY SUNMARK

Sterilization

The issue in the Hernandez case is not, as Mr. Buckley suggests ["Sterilize That Woman!" July 12], whether sterilization "fits the crime." Nor is the issue, as Mr. Buckley implies, whether sterilization is unChristian and inhumane as a criminal sanction. Rather, and as Mr. Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes suggested in *Buck v. Bell* (274 U.S. 200), the fundamental question is whether society can "prevent our being swamped with incompetence."

If offspring of an individual are destined to be permanently incarcerated in a ghetto of poverty, it is far more humane to prevent conception by sterilization than to permit children to come into this world who, in all probability, will drain society as welfare recipients and/or spend most of their adulthood in a bastille.

Please do not misunderstand. Wholesale sterilization cannot be tolerated. But, ordering sterilization of habitual offenders who are unfit to raise children, but undiscriminately present society with potential wards, does not offend my conscience.

ALFRED W. WHITTAKER
Wt. Hyattsville, Md.

We were talking about Mrs. Hernandez' conscience. —ED.

Down with the Draft

Frank S. Meyer's article, "Anything Goes," in the June 28th issue briefly touched upon a problem that has been much in the news lately: the draft. As a very much concerned libertarian conservative, I find that compulsory government service cannot be justified merely on the basis of "military necessity."

Since most of our citizens still have the right to choose their fields of work, my proposal would extend this right to even draft-age males. By raising their standards and concurrently raising pay scales "to compete with industry," the military services could build an elite, permanent, professional corps. (The Air Force, Coast Guard, Marine, and Navy

(Continued on p. 753)

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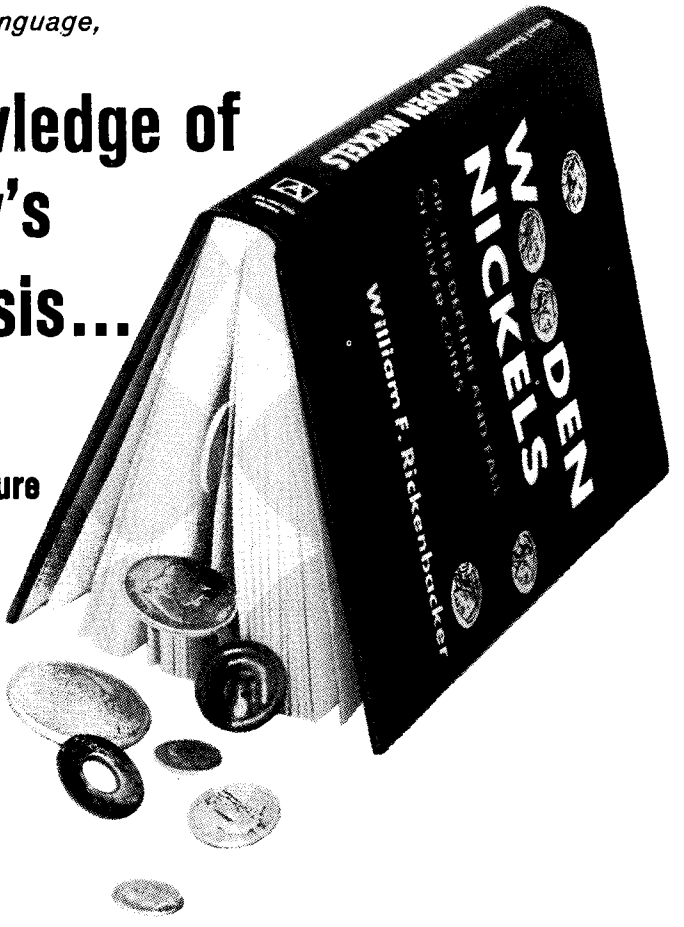
a sound working knowledge of The Great Society's SILVER Crisis...



and how it will affect your money and your future

Look at the coins in your pocket or purse. Every one of your new dimes, quarters and halves looks like "a salami sandwich made with moldy bread". They don't feel right. They certainly don't ring true. The reason: they aren't true. *They aren't silver.*

What has happened to our silver coins?

The answer is an amazing one. *National Review* editor William F. Rickenbacker tells it to us in his new book: WOODEN NICKELS or *The Decline and Fall of Silver Coins.* It is the incredible story of rank amateurism at the highest levels of our Federal government...of fiscal irresponsibility without precedent in American history!

Rickenbacker reports the facts and explains their implications in a lively book that is blessedly free of fiscal jargon. It has been written expressly for every layman who has the good sense to be worried about what is happening to his money. Its highly quotable pages quickly make you privy to the meaning of the silver crisis, and how this monetary monster sprang from the tangle of comic bungling and childish naiveté that characterized the cowboys of the New Frontier and LBJ's latest brigade of Deserving Democrats.

WOODEN NICKELS
is a selection of the Conservative Book Club.

"...Brilliant...a model of economic reasoning, yet written with ease and humor. I found it as fascinating as a first class who-done-it—which it is." —Henry Hazlitt

WOODEN NICKELS will certainly amuse you, for it is filled with the antics of Great Society *Till Eülenspiegels.* But then, as you reflect on what you have learned about silver-supported currency, your smile will likely fade. For there is nothing at all funny about what is happening.

If the subject of silver exchange strikes you as pedestrian, you're in for a nice surprise. For as Mr. Rickenbacker shows, silver—and money—are *fascinating.* They strip away pretense and reveal *all* men for what they really are. (Have *you* ever looked up in astonishment at a dedicated Liberal-turned-conservative when the subject turns to the management of *his own money?)* Here are some of the scenes to which you are witness in this fascinating book:

...Banks actually *fighting* for the privilege of passing the basket in church on Sundays so that they can *keep the coins* and credit the collection proceeds to the church account.

...The story about the Cleveland bank that, in desperation, paid $202 in order to get $200 worth of nickels – just to conduct an ordinary day's business.

...Reports on millions of dollars worth of coins slipping into the "mysterious unknown" as bureaucrats studiously ignored their own ineptness while blaming piggy-banks, gum machines and coin collectors.

...The facts about silver actually trickling out of our currency for ten years—*without Washington apparently knowing anything about it!*

...Red China's "Great Leap Forward", financed at the cost of millions of lives and millions of ounces of silver.

...How the fiscal geniuses in our Treasury Department minted the Kennedy half-dollar—and looked on in puzzlement as the free market made a laughing stock of their estimates and calculations.

How to spot the "managed news" traps

As silver coins vanish from the country's cash registers, Washington belches forth an endless volley of press releases blaming the shortage on "the coin collectors who are ganging up on us"..."our mints can't keep up with the population growth"..."the vending machine operators are vindictive"..."international silver-hunger is sucking us dry". All this in the face of the *real* reasons for the silver shortage, which make LBJ's official silver-tongued explainers wring their moist palms.

WOODEN NICKELS guides you through the labyrinth of the June 3, 1965 Presidential message on silver coinage. Point by point, the book tallies up LBJ's exaggerations, contradictions, misconceptions. Rickenbacker's chilling finding: "For the first time since 1792, we are on a money based on a politician's pledge—*nothing more.*"

RISK-FREE EXAMINATION

WOODEN NICKELS is a book that will pay for itself many times over. It shows not only where the Liberal Establishment's money men have gone wrong...not only how they can still retrieve the situation...but also what steps we, as individuals, should take to protect our own money, in the likely event that Big Brother continues to debase the currency.

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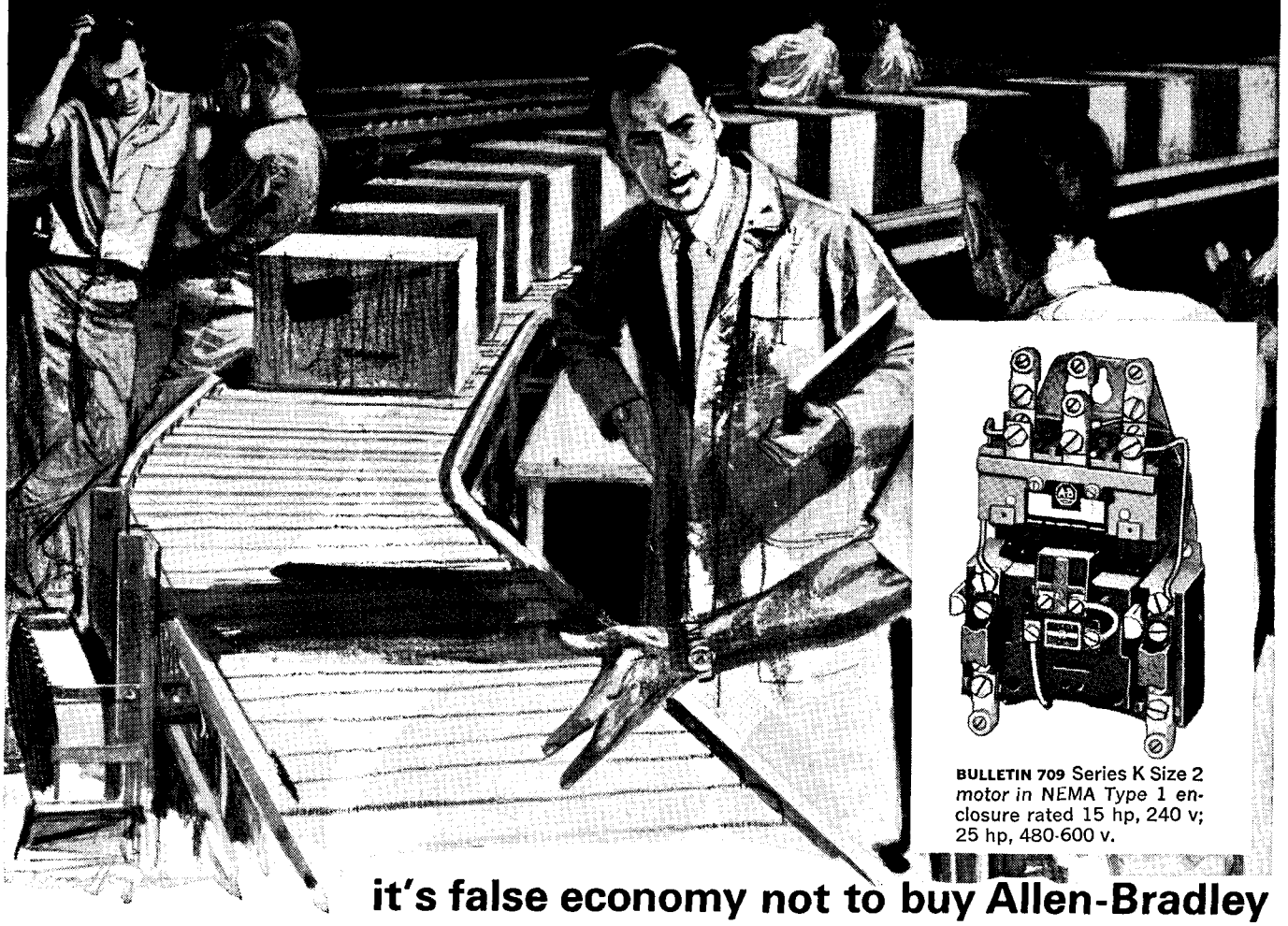

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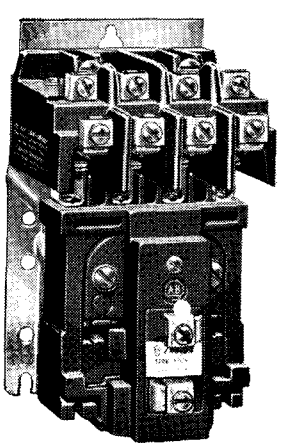

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LETTERS

(Continued from p. 753)

traditionally take only volunteers during peacetime.) The point at issue is not whether a man has a duty to serve in the military, but whether the State should deprive a man of one of his most precious freedoms: the right to choose his work.

An elite military service with high standards and equitable pay will eventually save us a lot of tax money by reducing the terrible turnover in both enlisted and commissioned ranks. Best of all, we'd have an army made up of willing volunteers instead of draftees dragged kicking and screaming to a disguised, modern form of slavery.

Pomfret, Md. DAVID MICHAEL MYERS

Mr. Meyer replies on p. 785. —ED.

Frank Meyer's pessimism about the apathy with which youth is greeting the recent McNamara proposal is well founded, but there are exceptions to the suicidal lack of concern. At the University of Denver this spring, 600 people signed a petition which strongly opposed the suggested plan of universal conscription, triggering a similar action at the University of Colorado.

Denver, Colo. EVELYN BEGLEY

Making 'Miranda' Work

In your editorial for June 28 ["Don't Say a Word Mac"] it appears that you are overlooking the positive good that can come from the recent Supreme Court reversal of convictions on the four cases cited. Take the case of Ernesto Miranda, who had been previously convicted of rape. Assume that the victim in that case has an outraged husband, father, or brother who decides to visit mayhem or murder upon Miranda in revenge. All you need is police officers who will arrest the new suspect and deprive *him* of the right of counsel and fail to inform him that anything he says may be used against him. Now when he is convicted all he has to do is take it up to the Supreme Court and have the conviction reversed after the established order of the day. What could be neater? The omniscience of the Supreme Court remains intact, the original crime would be punished, and outside of a little inconvenience, the second defendant would be free to engage in Life, Liberty and the Pursuit of Happiness.

New York, N.Y. KENNETH A. MOORE

Snooping

Perhaps some conservatives have found themselves in a quandary after reading NATIONAL REVIEW's comments a) opposing the invasion of privacy and enforcement provisions as characterized by the Cen-

(Continued on p. 799)

Gentlemen: If you purchase this shaver, we promise never to repair it.

But we will promise you this, and in writing: If anything goes wrong within one year we will send you an all-new ACCUMEN Shaver. After that one-year guarantee period, and if you are unhappy with the shaver for any reason, return it to us—even if it's thirteen years from now—and for just $12.95 we'll send you the newest "top-of-the-line" model available at the time. (We fully realize that $12.95 may be worth only $2.95 thirteen years from now. But that's our hard luck). And then you can start this all over again with that new shaver—for another thirteen years if you wish. That's why we call it the "ACCUMEN LifeTime Shaver Plan."

If this sounds like an unprecedented offer, you are correct. It is. And if you think there must be some "gimmick" involved, you are also correct. There is. We would not stick our necks out so far and for so long if we weren't quite sure that the ACCUMEN will give you trouble-free satisfaction from now until the cows come home. What makes us so sure? Just this: We have observed the ACCUMEN's performance for years in Europe and since we introduced it to this country. We have talked to hundreds of really satisfied owners. We have "fan letters" by the score. Finally, we know what it's made of and how it's made. It will be a rare ACCUMEN that falters or disappoints.

This is the Ultimate Shaver — we think this is the finest shaver made in the world today. Cordless or otherwise. In our opinion it makes all others obsolete. Very few of our competitors describe their shavers as "second best," so we quite understand if you take all of these claims with a heaping spoonful of salt. But, here, for your consideration, are the principal reasons why we believe the ACCUMEN to be "The Ultimate."

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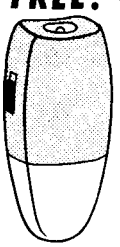

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The WEEK

● The supercalifragilisticexpialidociousness of some mayors! Daley of Chicago locks horns with Martin Luther King. Locher of Cleveland calls in the National Guard. But Lindsay of New York, man, he *swings*. On a hot night Lindsay goes to Harlem. He grins, he waves, he gets recognized. Bussed, hugged, clung to, photographed. He beats those bongos. He picks up that litter, every litter bit. He goes away. A fight starts. Cops move in. Lindsay hates cops. Litter rains on the cops. *Canarsie*: A civil rights mob is breaking up a dedication ceremony. Sudden calm. It's Lindsay. Alone. Swinging. The mob rides Lindsay around on its shoulders. "A show of affection," says Lindsay to the press. *Brooklyn*: Negroes are fighting with white Puerto Ricans. Italians are fighting with Negroes. Negro Puerto Ricans are fighting with Italians. Welfare workers are evacuating families as fast as they can. Stay tuned.

● The current negotiations in Geneva aiming towards a general reduction in Western tariff levels under the GATT program have successfully cleared one massive obstacle—the agricultural policies of the Common Market countries. Subsidies, quotas, tariffs (leading to such oddities as Belgian butter smugglers), and every form of governmental intervention have made a near-chaos of European food production; for many years it was feared that French intractability on the farm question would shatter the Common Market entirely. But the French did, *après tout*, join the grown-ups for dinner, and there is real cause to celebrate this double step towards international cooperation.

● Members of American pro-Maoist organizations are now admitting among themselves, concealed sources report, that they are losing the Vietnam war and that if the Revolution can't be won there, it simply can't be won anywhere. Reason: from a theoretical point of view, the war is "the most perfect revolutionary attempt in history." A U.S.-South Vietnamese victory would be of utmost historical significance to them since it would prove that, as one put it, "the imperialist tentacles can reach out anywhere in the world and crush us."

● Hsu Tzu-tsai, a member of the Red Chinese delegation to a recent meeting of the International Institute of Welding in the Netherlands, tried to defect. He was severely beaten in his hotel room. Somehow he managed to get out of his hotel through a window and into the hands of Dutch police, who took him to a hospital. Shortly after, Chinese diplomats arrived at the hospital, and while a doctor talked to one others seized Hsu and dragged him to the Chinese Embassy, where he was murdered. Dutch officials immediately "restricted" departure of the Chinese welders pending police investigation, whereupon the Reds seized the chargé d'affaires of the Dutch diplomatic mission in Peking, which is where things stand as we go to press. It all goes to show the handiness of the neighborhood embassy concept.

● Truman Capote, who ought to know, says the Supreme Court decision restricting the police power to question suspects will hinder justice. Testifying last week before a Senate Judiciary subcommittee, Mr. Capote pronounced that the two killers immortalized in *In Cold Blood* would be alive today if their interrogators had been hindered as the police now are by the Supreme Court; and that (Mr. Capote offered this as a certitude) once free, the killers would have killed again. More recently, Capote observed, the ruling has hampered the investigation of the murder of eight student nurses in Chicago: "It seems almost unbelievable that the police force of one of our major cities is literally frightened to death to ask the prime suspect a single question for fear that their case against him might be jeopardized." Somebody could write a good book on the subject.

● Once again the Intercollegiate Society of Individualists is sponsoring summer schools featuring classes by some of the most distinguished conservatives in the country. Sessions, all August 21-27, will be held in three locations: Bard College, Anandale-on-Hudson, N.Y.: topic "On the Modern Age;" faculty David N. Rowe, Ludwig von Mises, Frederick Wilhelmsen, John P. McCarthy, Clarence Philbrook, P. Craig Roberts, A. H. Hobbs. Rockford College, Rockford, Ill.: topic "The Free Society: Its Nature and Preservation;" faculty Gerhart Niemeyer, Peter Stanlis, Stephen Tonsor, William Campbell, Eliseo Vivas. Stanford University: topic "Out of Our Past: In Search of the American Tradition;" faculty Hugh Kenner, Roger Freeman, George Roche, Marvin Zetterbaum, Stefan Possony, Thomas Schaefer. Each school will take fifty students; cost is $10. For particulars, write ISI, 629 Public Ledger Building, Philadelphia, Pa. 19106.

● How to Succeed in Business, Sofia Division. A Bulgarian entrepreneur boarded an empty streetcar a couple of weeks ago, drove it to the end of the line and then abandoned it, having first helped himself to a pocketful of levs he had collected from unsuspecting passengers as fare.

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A Sixth Look

In its issue dated August 9, *Look* asks, about Vietnam, "What Should We Do Now?" and prints five 1,000-word replies. Prof. Hans Morgenthau, the hawk-voiced dove, evidently relying on ESP for his facts, since he suggests no other source, explains that "we should never have gotten involved in this war" because "the great mass of the people in South Vietnam" don't want us there and "prefer an end to the war." Therefore, *to prove our sensitivity to the democratic will of the mass of the people,* mind you, "we must promote the establishment of a broadly-based government in which the elements seeking an end to the war would have decisive influence." And to make sure that there is no slip-up, "we must see to it that the government that emerges from these elections will negotiate with the Vietcong." Democracy having thus triumphed, we will get the hell out as fast as possible.

Prof. Henry (*Nuclear Weapons and Foreign Policy*) Kissinger and Dr. Herman (*Thinking About the Unthinkable*) Kahn hem and haw rather grumpily in agreeing that we can't just pull out but we musn't get too rough ("A purely military solution is impossible"—Ki.; "We probably do not need to escalate military activities"—Ka.).

The deputy-Hamlet of the Bay of Pigs, Albert Schweitzer Professor of the Humanities and Court Minstrel to the House of Kennedy, Arthur Schlesinger Jr. is terribly unhappy about it all, and, "with the greatest urgency," joins "the moderate critics of the Administration's Vietnam policy" in questioning the view that "resistance to Communist aggression" means "to intensify the war." The best way to resist, naturally, is to stop "increasing our military presence," to "taper off the bombing of North Vietnam," limit our bombing in the South," in general "limit[ing] our forces, actions and objectives" while we "discuss with Russia, France, China and other interested countries a neutralization program."

Hanson Baldwin lays it on the line, and many a self-proclaimed hawk may screech more softly when he reads Mr. Baldwin's list of the things we must do to win: "Congress must declare a state of national emergency . . . The President should be authorized to mobilize up to 500,000 reserves for two-year service. . . . We must shut off . . . the stream of supplies *into* North Vietnam. . . . This means blocking the seaborne arms traffic to North Vietnam. . . . The land supply routes . . . must also be interrupted. . . . U.S. troop strength in South Vietnam . . . should be doubled. . . . If we lose, our children and grandchildren will face tomorrow a far worse problem than we face today."

Mr. Baldwin, in his advocacy of major escalation, does not consider the question—several times discussed in *NR*—whether the most effective, perhaps the only really effective, escalation may not require a sudden "quantum jump" rather than a gradual or "incremental" increase in the force level; and more particularly, whether the appropriate jump may not be to nuclear weapons.

Though the possible use of nuclear weapons is virtually taboo as a topic of public debate, it is not much of a secret that there continue to be responsible members of our military commands who do believe that the correct jump would be directly to a nuclear strike. On the few occasions when this possibility has been aired, one recurrent objection—besides the standard arguments about "immorality" and "risking general war"—has been an alleged lack of suitable targets in North Vietnam. This objection has been taken seriously, and answers have been given. One such is as follows:

In the first phase, which might prove the last phase also, two kinds of target should be selected, to drive home the full meaning—a "demonstration target" and a "business target."

One suitable demonstration target would be the island of Bach Long Vy—also known as "Nightingale Island"—in the middle of the Gulf of Tonkin. About two hundred military personnel are now on Bach Long Vy, and no civilians.

One suitable business target would be the major construction project currently underway at Yen Bai, northwest of Hanoi. Intelligence concerning this project is incomplete. It involves a major new airstrip and some hundreds of buildings, and its intended functions are directly and indirectly military. And not least relevant: the project is apparently being carried out entirely by Chinese Communists.

Can He Be Serious?

Although the walls of the Senate have looked patiently down on its inmates for quite a long time now, and although they have witnessed and heard many rum characters and many fierce quarrels and many pointless, pitiful, and ridiculous words, they have seldom in our time seen any spectacle more grotesque than the "Asian policy speech" that J. William Fulbright delivered July 22. An historic moment. One reads and re-reads the newspaper accounts hungrily, but they seem strangely incomplete. Did Senator Fulbright do the thing thoroughly? Did he accompany his words with wild gestures? Did his eyes wander erratically, did he skip and dance as he spoke? Did he enter the Senate that day dressed as a clown? Did he stick straws in his hair during the progress of his speech? These are natural questions to ask, for without such accompaniments there

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was surely something lacking—very little, but still something—in the intellectually bizarre performance.

We regret also that we do not know, that we shall never know, what language Lyndon B. Johnson used when he learnt of this escapade. Something earthy, something spicy, no doubt? Such words as the President habitually uses, with ambassadors and foreign journalists, but which our discreet daily press is accustomed to bowdlerize before offering to the public. This provocation may well have inspired him to new heights. Surely, he was no less astonished than every-

THE "LIBERAL": See how $pry I am!
LOWER TAXES & HABITUAL DEFICITS
THE FACTS OF ECONOMICS
AESOP SAYS: "The fleet are not always first."

one else to hear William Fulbright's new analysis of the Vietnam problem—namely, that Lyndon Johnson alone is entirely responsible for our presence in Asia; that he has elaborated an entirely new and dangerous "Asian doctrine," that in reality we have no obligations or engagements to which we need give a second thought; that it is unnecessary to consider the United States as an Asian power or to deduce from our power that we have corresponding responsibilities; and that Johnson has involved us in Asian affairs through his own dictatorial whim without in any way consulting the United States Senate, to which the present American position in Asia comes as an enormous surprise.

Were he another sort of man Johnson might, like Macbeth, have muttered: "There would have been a time for such a word." A time, not in the future, but in the past. Almost any other occasion would have been more appropriate to Fulbright's comments. When Perry opened the ports of Japan; when San Francisco began to develop into one of the major seaports of the world; when, at the turn of the century, Hay became Secretary of State; when the United States acquired the Philippines, such questions might have seemed pertinent. Even in his own lifetime Fulbright has had any number of opportunities to criticize the whole conception of American involvement in the complex affairs of Asia—in 1940, for example, when Roosevelt frankly undertook a hostile policy toward Japan, with the inevitable object of disputing the command of the Pacific; in 1941, when this policy led to war; in 1945, when we took over a large part of the Japanese empire, as the prize and the responsibility of our victory; in 1950, when Truman entered the war in Korea; in 1951, when Douglas MacArthur returned and outlined to a cheering Senate the bases of American control of the Pacific Ocean; throughout the 1950s, when Senator Knowland distinguished himself by his opposition to Communist China and his championship of Chiang Kai-shek; in 1954, when John Foster Dulles refused American support to the Geneva accords on Indochina; in 1961, when Kennedy sent American troops to Vietnam.

It is a matter of simple common sense, and of elementary knowledge of American history, to see that this nation's "dangerous Asian policy" is a heritage from the middle of the nineteenth century, to which all succeeding generations have been faithful. There is no informed person in the world who doubts that if there were any substance at all to Fulbright's charges, they could with much more propriety have been launched against Roosevelt, or Truman, or Dulles, or MacArthur, or Kennedy. It is equally obvious that the Senate and the American people all along have been enthusiastic in their cooperation and support for this policy.

In the circumstances, it must be said that Mr. Moyers, speaking for Mr. Johnson, handled the situation with considerable tact when he said that he personally was unable to believe Fulbright's remarks were intended seriously. He did not lecture Fulbright on history, except to direct his attention to a speech made in the Senate on June 7, 1965. In this oration President Johnson was praised in extravagant terms because, as the speaker affirmed, Johnson had the wisdom and foresight to see that military action in Vietnam was not a solution in itself, but was merely a partial means toward attaining objectives in Asia that were much more vast. The speaker on that occasion was J. William Fulbright.

Beyond the Riots

Cleveland now, and Chicago. Trouble for nights on end in Brooklyn and Troy, New York. Luckily the Administration didn't have to dispatch 15,000 men to Albany, New York. That's how far it is from Albany, Georgia. President Johnson warned the revolutionaries that they're outnumbered ten to one, which was true enough, and even appropriate after its fashion, but not quite sharp enough to cut to the marrow of the business.

Way down deep, buried under what seem like centuries of sloganeering, there is a common element in all of the protests that have been made by Negroes in Northern cities.

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Focus on WASHINGTON

◆ Once again the Liberal fringe of the GOP has rescued, at least temporarily, a key Johnson Administration objective in Congress. It was four Liberal Republicans—Conte and Martin (Mass.), Reid (N.Y.) and Tupper (Me.)—who gave the Administration its bare 193-191 margin on the July 14 vote to strip Congress of its annual review of the foreign aid program. The House voted to authorize development loans and Alliance for Progress funds for five years and all other foreign aid funds for two years, a move which Republicans on the House Foreign Affairs Committee had warned earlier would "weaken the traditional control and review processes of the legislative branch over foreign aid legislation." The authorization battle then passed to the Senate which voted for two-year Alliance for Progress authorizations and one-year limitations on all other foreign aid. (Committee Chairman J. W. Fulbright, the leading exponent of multi-year authorizations in past years, has switched sides because of his growing isolationist disenchantment with the President's foreign policy.) The Senate-House conflict will have to be resolved in conference.

◆ The Senate will face another foreign aid controversy, under the disguise of agriculture legislation, when it takes up the "Food for Freedom" bill. This legislation cleared the House by a vote of 333 to 20 and there is no doubt the Senate will pass it too, since countless farmers and farm suppliers view it as a means of increasing U.S. farm exports. The House included a provision denying "sales" to any nation selling or transporting goods to North Vietnam or Cuba. The Administration, realizing the election-year popularity of such a ban for congressmen, now is trying to get the Senate at least to limit the ban to "strategic" trade or to give the President discretionary power to use the ban. Under the ban, India, Pakistan, Yugoslavia, Morocco and six Latin American nations would be ineligible for "Food for Freedom" aid; and Administration efforts to initiate aid to Poland would flounder as long as Poland trades with Cuba. The State Department estimates that had the ban been in effect, more than half of these food shipments in the past eleven years—worth $14.6 billion—would not have been approved. Also hurting the Administration is the revelation in Senate hearings of "Food for Peace" scandals involving Greece. The U.S. has sold 300,000 tons of surplus U.S. wheat to Greece in the past two years, on the condition that Greece make no shipments to Red nations. Yet Greece has sold 150,000 tons of wheat to Bulgaria and 130,000 tons to North Korea and the U.S. has meekly "amended" its contract with Greece and overlooked a $20 million penalty it should have invoked on that country.

◆ The Senate GOP Policy Committee has published a report—"Where the Votes Are"—as significant for conservatives as for professional Republicans. The votes are more and more among young people, the report shows. In the past two years alone, almost six million Americans celebrated their 21st birthday and became eligible to vote. In the next 20 years, the 65-and-over population will increase less than seven million, the 35-64 population less than 11 million; but the 20-34 sector will grow by more than 25 million, and the under 20 population by more than 35 million. These new, younger types will not be motivated by the slogans and imagery of the past—whether the "New Deal" or the "Great Society." Education will be their foremost domestic concern, and, in fact, teachers already comprise the largest single occupational group in the United States. The report analyzes the significance of these and a multitude of other changes, and the consequent political force of such issues as agriculture, water, air, conservation, the labor force and unions, transportation, and Negroes. Conservatives would do well to study this analysis, for these younger voters will not be motivated by promises of medicare or Social Security, but they will be looking for answers to new types of problems, and for political leadership that offers solutions for those problems.

—CATO

There is a protest against the capitalist exploitation of the Negro by the rentier class. But, especially in New York, rents are controlled by the city government. There is the protest about the condition of the tenements. But the Housing Authority, or the Superintendent of Buildings, is paid to oversee that matter. There is the protest about discrimination in employment. But the local, state, and federal authorities have been guiding our labor policies for thirty years, and Fair Employment is now a monopoly of American official government. There is a protest against the wages paid. But it is government that presumes to set minimum wages. There is a protest about schooling. But schooling is next thing to a government monopoly.

If this is so, then it does seem uncanny that so many people should think that the Negro should look to *further* governmental programs for some improvement in his condition. President Johnson spoke sound democratic doctrine when he mentioned the ten-to-one ratio. Democratic processes will smother the Negro.

But the Negro is dead wrong to deduce that he must, therefore, destroy democratic processes. Too many people, black and white, overlook that if there is a common element in all the areas of Negro complaint and that element is governmental, there is also a common element in most of the areas where the Negro achieves satisfaction and that element is libertarian. What Negro complains about the work-

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manship in his Buick? And the Buick went from Detroit to Harlem with a minimum of governmental intervention. Are supermarkets offering a variety and quality of food that are satisfactory to the Negro? And thanks to whom? Does the telephone company handle Negro calls efficiently? And, whether you're black or white, isn't it awful the service you get from the Post Office?

Interesting. The racial minority that has been the single greatest concern of government for more than a century is also the single most unhappy racial minority. Would it be so revolutionary merely to suggest that the government in its wisdom merely leave them, and us, alone?

Onward! and Downward! with Mort Sahl

Mort Sahl, the political satirist who made the cover of *Time* in 1960 by talking like Mort Sahl, hasn't been heard from much lately. Has he stopped being funny? Has the national sense of humor changed? No, obviously, to anyone who has caught his act recently; and no, apparently, to the second question, although Sahl never seems to get the chance to prove it on such big network shows as Ed Sullivan, Dean Martin, and the Hollywood Palace.

Sahl thinks he's been blacklisted by the Liberal Establishment. From providing jokes for John Kennedy in 1958 (Sahl's manager handled Peter Lawford) he went on to rib Kennedy himself through the campaign of 1960 and through the first year of Presidential office ("The Democrats sent a wire to Joseph Kennedy stating, 'You haven't lost a son, you've gained a country' "). He also ribbed Eisenhower, Nixon, MacArthur and Faubus. "My press agent made $1,000 a month on me," Sahl told *Newsday* recently. "And then he said, 'I don't like what you're saying about *our* President.' And then the Liberal community in Hollywood—my employers in television and pictures, the bookers—they're almost all registered Democrats, they're all Jewish and they think they're all Liberals. They started practicing a blacklist on me. The word got out that I would not listen to reason. . . . And so it stopped."

That was in 1962, says Sahl. "Look at the irony . . . I helped them into office. A year after they went into office we were on the brink of a war, which I could have been blown up in, namely Cuba; and I couldn't get a job. And it all came under Liberals, people who call themselves Liberals. . . . You gotta remember that under Eisenhower, Nixon and Joe McCarthy, no one called me on anything I said. . . . Last December I went on the Ed Sullivan Show. Sullivan pulled me off and told me not to mention Johnson or Humphrey, and to attack Murphy and Reagan. I wouldn't go along and they threw me off the show."

Sahl, at 39, hasn't changed his views, In 1966 he sounds much the same, on Negroes for example: "They want to be 10 per cent of the corruption." Or on the Real Enemy: "It's collectivization. I don't give a damn if it's in China, Russia or here. Individuals, forget it. They talk about Dylan Thomas and Brendan Behan—they love them but they *import* them. We don't like the home-grown type at all."

Things are brightening for the home-grown types, though. Sahl is working on both Coasts these days. Why? Because the Liberals now distrust Johnson. "He speaks a dialect—he has an accent, he has no style, he didn't go to Harvard, he has cuffs on his pants. They want Bobby Kennedy." And so Sahl tells this on Hubert Humphrey: "Someone says, 'Good Morning, Mr. Vice President.' He says, 'It's certainly a beautiful morning, just as President Johnson promised. . . .' "

What do you hear from Bobby, Mort?

The Ball Is Bloody Well Over

The Harold Wilsons have returned from Moscow—again. Following a formula devised by that wily old grouse, Harold Macmillan, the Prime Minister sought to distract Britain from domestic gloom by Talking With The Russians. Well, he's back. And the very day he reported to the House on his trip, the Bank of England rushed to support the pound against a giddy wave of selling.

Will the pound be devalued? Will the dollar follow? (Will the mini-skirt become more minimal?) Not if British manufacturers and labor did like Mrs. Harold Wilson does. Last February (during Trip #1) she wrote a poem for Pravda for which she received $140: not bad for an eight-liner. It was set to the tune of "After the Ball Is Over," and, ideologically, can best be described as "neutral." The first four lines go:

After the bomb had fallen,
After the last sad cry,
When the earth was a burnt-out cinder
Drifting across the sky . . .

Line three fails to scan. The remaining four fail more disastrously, and are omitted. How the thing reads in Russian one simply does not know. However, for 140 bucks, Mrs. Wilson can . . . should (must!) do better. The pound must stand firm. The following variation on "After the Ball" is presented, free, in the interests of a greater Britain.

After the trip was over;
After we'd ordered tea,
Harold surveyed the ceiling,
Then tenderly turned to me:
"Dearie," says he, "we're busted.
Can't even leave a tip!"
Harold's become maladjusted . . .
Af-ter the trip.

W. H. Von Dreele

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Is Robert Welch's Doctrine "Christian"?

A pet hate-theory about the right wing in America is that it is always claiming a special relation with the Christian religion, specifically with the orthodox conservative Christianity of the large Protestant denominations and their know-nothing Roman Catholic cousins (cf. Daniel Bell, Ed.: *The Radical Right,* 1963). There is some basis for this. In many rightist circles the eternal pieties are much flung about, e.g. a call (from the *John Birch Society: A Report*) for "men and women of integrity and purpose building rededication to God, to family, to country, and to strong moral principles." Men and women of integrity who respond to such calls so worded, or who think about responding to them, are likely to be practicing Christians. Even if they never join the John Birch Society, many are asked to believe that it is Christ-oriented, professing Christian ideals, standing for the principles that Christians stand for. That is why many of them go incautiously about saying, "I don't agree with a lot the Society does, but I'm for it on principle." For such people, and for those who wish to see in the immoderations of such organizations as the Birch Society derogatory proof of Christian fanaticism, there exists a brilliantly executed monograph by a Presbyterian scholar, Lester DeKoster, entitled *The Christian and the John Birch Society**, which in some forty-odd pages of calm and gentle analysis laden with quotations from the Blue Book sets forth the thesis, not merely that Christianity and Birchism have nothing whatever to do with one another, but that they are inimical.

The Blue Book is of course the manual in which Robert Welch speaks to his membership on orientation, rules and tactics—it is the Society's official guidebook. Dr. DeKoster's method is simple. A professed Christian, orthodox and conservative (he is director of the Library at Calvin College, Grand Rapids, Michigan), he demonstrates the conflict between the Blue Book and the New Testament. He notices at once, for example, that the John Birch after whom the Society was named was a Baptist soldier who pledged "my voice for preaching His Gospel," but that the only gospel preached by the JBS is mundane, and that such as it is, it doesn't spring from Christian doctrine. "A Society may, of course, establish any program it likes, within the law. And it may, of course, solicit membership in support of this program. But the Christian who deliberates joining such a Society ought to be sensitive to any discrepancy between the meaning of the name it bears and the goals it seeks."

Mr. Welch's own view of religion, writes Dr. DeKoster, is "about as remote as the China where John Birch was killed from 'God's Gospel' as Christianity expounds it." Welch's religious beliefs, as explained in the Blue Book, constitute "a vague kind of evolutionary humanism," embodying progressivist notions of man, an "unknowable God," and specific rejection of "traditional Christian doctrine." To Mr. Welch, the Bible "proclaims the word of *man*: 'man's most profound thoughts, most permanent beliefs, and deepest faith.' The Christian thinks of the Bible in precisely opposite terms; it is *God's* Word *to* man; not man's thought on God. . . . His [Welch's] religion is an amalgam of biological speculation and fuzzy mysticism."

Now of course the JBS tolerates, even encourages, all shades of religious opinion among its members. And there is Robert Welch's famous directive to members "never to carry out requests or to do anything for the Society that is against their individual consciences or even contrary to their best judgment." However, there is evidence to suppose that Mr. Welch may not realize the full meaning of what he is saying about individual conscience. Individual conscience, Dr. DeKoster points out, has no place in an organization that is in its founder's words "a monolithic body." "Mr. Welch wants a 'body' precisely *because* he does *not* want members 'held together more or less loosely and more or less temporarily by a common interest or common objective,' like Rotary or the Chamber of Commerce. . . . He insists that the defeat of Communism is 'doomed to failure' if it is separated from the 'total program' of the JBS"—that program being Welch's own humanistic prescriptions for a better world. "In an *organization* like the PTA or the Chamber of Commerce, one may and one does cooperate in many endeavors without ever raising any question as to the 'theology' of the president; but not in a *'body'* like the Catholic Church or the JBS. The 'theology' flows through the 'body.' And Mr. Welch wants it that way."

"The Blue Book," summarizes DeKoster, "proclaims a doctrine of God which the Christian is bound to reject. It teaches a doctrine of man which the Christian must deny. . . . In short, it advocates a 'theology' which the Christian can only call heresy, and which is a far cry from the 'Gospel' which Captain John Birch, on whose name the Society trades, intended to give his life to preach. . . . This ought to be more than enough to give the Christian who contemplates membership in the Society occasion to reflect long and deeply on the implications of such a commitment."

ARLENE CROCE

*Wm. B. Eerdmans Publishing Co., 231 Jefferson, Grand Rapids, Mich. 75 cents.

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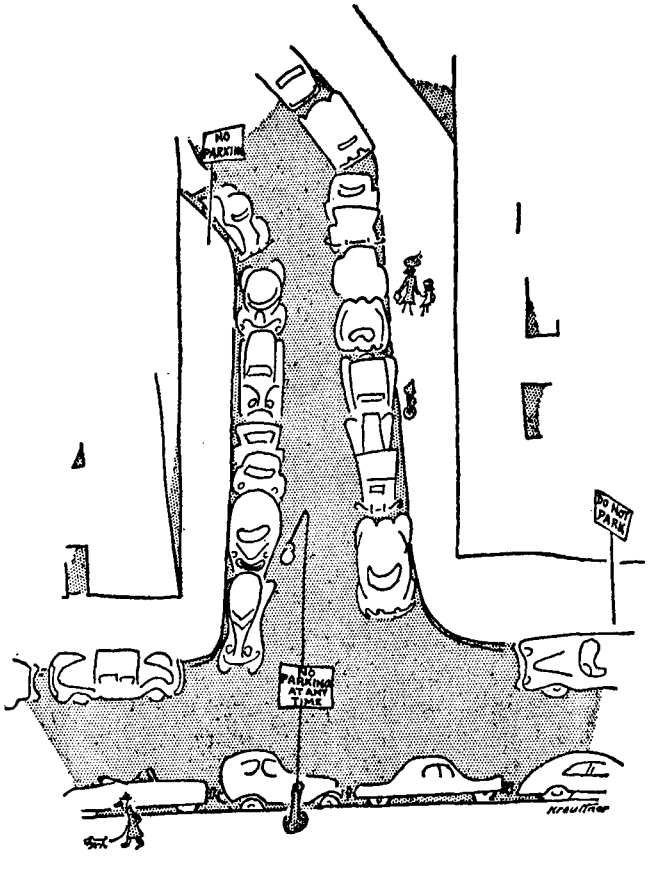
William H. Parker, R I P

When a reporter asked Chief Parker about his reaction, after the Watts riots, to the vicious attacks against him and to the demands for his resignation, he replied in his Roman way, "The security of the city is more important than my own sensibilities."

In October he submitted to major heart surgery. In March he returned to full-time duty. And full-time duty, for a policeman, meant more and more politics: demands for a police review board; the institutionalized cry of "police brutality;" his young officers subjected to the ignominy of being followed and watched by carloads of dissidents known as the "Citizens Alert Patrol;" a "police malpractices complaint bureau" set up by the ACLU, as though it were commonly acknowledged that the police had become enemies of our liberties.

But he returned to do what he could, in what surely he knew was a limited time. As if his heart were still sound, he fired withering verbal salvos back at the critics of himself and the force he had built over a period of fifteen years into the finest in the world, in the judgment of many professionals. He spoke out against the wisdom of the recent Supreme Court decisions that unnecessarily hamper police investigation, at the same time sternly commanding his men to act in scrupulous conformity with those decisions. But when he traveled to Sacramento to testify on the need for new anti-riot legislation, in a moment of emotion he remarked, "I can't take this sort of thing much longer." Ten days later he died, leaving a city bereaved, and, if only for a little while, leaving even his critics dumb in the recognition that his absence would make their own lives, limbs and agitations a little less safe.

—B. VACARIELLO



"Climate of Fear"

J. B. Matthews, R I P

The height—and end—of Dr. Matthews' notoriety was in 1953, when he resigned, clearly at the request of his friend Senator Joe McCarthy, as executive director of McCarthy's Subcommittee on Investigations, a post Matthews had held for all of eighteen days. The operative offense was an article by Matthews published in the *American Mercury,* the first sentence of which reported that "the largest single group supporting the Communist apparatus in the United States today is composed of Protestant clergymen." In the storm that ensued, no one bothered to reflect that Dr. Matthews' statistical generality was, as a matter of fact, true. He was writing about the early Fifties, when Communists were successful in attracting even more Protestant ministers than Harvard professors to their front groups. The firing of J. B. Matthews was really a part of the offensive against Senator McCarthy—it wasn't the beguiled Protestant ministers who troubled the arisen conscience of the land, but the effrontery of anyone's remarking the fact, as J. B. Matthews did, as always in his calm, reasoned, incisive analysis, the work of a man trained in scholarship.

"Doc" Matthews was a Doctor by academic achievement at the University of Vienna. He had taken a Bachelor of Divinity and Master of Arts at Drew University, and a master of Sacred Theology from Union Theological Seminary, *magna cum laude.* In the early 1920s he was writing linguistic treatises (e.g., "Sanskrit and Persian Elements in Malay"), teaching Hebrew and the history of religion in Nashville, translating into Malay the standard Protestant hymnal—and beginning a short career as a fellow traveler, whence he emerged, late in the Thirties, to serve for seven years in the eye of the anti-anti-Communist hurricane, as chief investigator (1938-1945) for Martin Dies' Committee on Un-American Activities.

J. B. Matthews returned to New York after the war, and presided, together with his talented and devoted wife, over the nearest thing to an anti-Communist salon that ever happened in the alien territory of New York City. It was at J.B.'s that one

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would find Joe McCarthy relaxing, or Pegler amiable, Sokolsky listening, Riesel, Toledano, Mandel, Stolberg, Clements, Levine, and the two or three dozen other souls who held their kinship, and their breaths, during the period when Alger Hiss was riding high in the State Department, and Owen Lattimore was writing our Far Eastern policy. J.B. not only had the "files"—an exhaustive collection of data, which will go now to the "J. B. Matthews Library" that is being constructed by the Church League of America —he had much to say, and his incomparable sense of humor made his saying of it a matter of intense delight.

He contracted Parkinson's disease, and began to fail five or six years ago. Nursed by his wife, his vocal chords practically gone, unable to move by himself from one room to another, he would spend his waking hours pecking away on an electric typewriter, compiling mostly from memory an encyclopedia of Communist fronts; reflecting on the renewed intensity of party-lining activity, the lost lessons of the last 35 years, and, no doubt, the happier prospect of another life, which he began on July 16.

We have removed his name from the masthead of NATIONAL REVIEW, where it has appeared from the first issue, tenderly, affectionately, and gratefully.

On the Right

Enter Patriotism?

WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

President Johnson is being criticized, as one reporter headlined it, for "Tending to Make Support of Vietnam Policy a Test of Patriotism." It has frequently been observed that LBJ will extemporize at the sound of a cheer and when last week he toured three states in a single day, he found himself on all three occasions departing from the written text in order to express wonder that the critics of our South Vietnam policy are so regularly depressed by the excesses of our own armed forces, and so regularly unmoved by the excess of the enemy's.

Buckley

"I just wish," said the President, "they [his critics] would ask themselves if their standard of judgment is really fair." And again: "They bombed and injured some of our American boys in South Vietnam today, and I doubt that you will hear many columns written. I doubt that our commentators will lecture them for the number of bombs they dropped on that hospital." Concluded one correspondent: "He seemed almost to be asking which side they [the critics] were on."

There is, concededly, a rugged anti-intellectualism in the President's arguments. It is quite conventional to deplore something that is done over which you have control, quite conventional to tend to ignore that which is done over which you have no control. It is more natural to deplore racial discrimination in the United States, where presumably it is a matter over which Americans have dominance, than say in India, where for all intents and purposes it is outside our reach. It isn't intellectually inconsistent for someone to agitate against capital punishment, and neglect the problem of murder: that man may feel that he is in a position to influence the state legislators to induce them to abolish public executions, but that he is not well situated to influence private executioners. The policies and practices of our own military we are in a position to do something about, less directly can we influence the policies and practices of the foreign military. . .

And yet having admitted as much, I do believe that the President hit a couple of transcendent nails on the head. Because although his argument is intellectually ill-fitting, there isn't any doubting that a) a double standard is widely used, indicating that some American critics' humanitarianism is highly selective; and b) that there do exist critics of American foreign policy who in their hearts desire America to lose this war, whether to justify their own dire predictions that we cannot win it, or because they believe that North Vietnam's is genuinely a war of national liberation and consider our own presence in South Vietnam an act of rank colonialism.

There is a direct analogy with the France that fought in Algeria. The French being as a rule more outspoken than we, not to say more perverse, many of them sided more or less openly with Algeria in the final years of that bloody engagement, writing tracts and even books about French atrocities against the Algerians, with never a word about complementary atrocities.

Johnson's nose is keen, and he detects something very close to the will to lose in some of the critics who hector him. These are men whose patriotism isn't exactly in question, but whose arguments against our involvement in South Vietnam have so obsessed them that they cannot stand aside with the detachment necessary to recognize that for all intents and purposes they have become arguments for a victory of the Vietcong.

Moreover, the President appears to realize that to bring all this out into the open is to inflame the patriotic reserves of the majority of the members of his audience, which is precisely what he desires to do. It is generally considered contemptible nowadays to stir the patriotic dimension, sort of like poking around in a cellar with a lighted match looking for the fireworks. But the effort in South Vietnam is becoming so large, so costly, that it appears that we shall need an act of national consecration to consummate it, and patriotism is the final, and the greatest, reserve of any nation-state.

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The Third World War

JAMES BURNHAM

Hanoi's Special Weapons System

This country's most prominent spokesmen, doves as well as hawks, have been threatening Ho Chi Minh with dire reprisals if he executes the captured American pilots as war criminals. Our spokesmen are, I'm afraid, missing the point. They see Ho's treatment of the pilots as an act of revenge motivated by frustrated fury at the recently escalated bombings, which he is militarily powerless to check. Veteran Communists, however, do not succumb to what they regard as "subjective" motives, and are not concerned with individual lives.

Burnham

Ho's army is good for its size, but he does not have at his disposal a population or economy sufficient to support a major military establishment. By any conventional, quantitative measure it is irrational, indeed insane, for Ho to take on the United States. But Communist policy, though sometimes mistaken, is never either irrational or insane.

Ho possesses a relatively insignificant material apparatus, but in his eyes this is a secondary element in the multi-dimensional struggles of our epoch. Even in the military sphere, Ho figures that the abilities of his troops in unconventional methods—guerrilla, terrorist, paramilitary—give them, man for man, many times the weight of more conventionally trained and indoctrinated troops. But his primary reliance is on the extra-military dimensions of the conflict: on the infinite sub-varieties of psychological and political warfare. Ho knows, moreover, that in his psywar and polwar operations he fights with the backing of all the Communist states and the world Communist enterprise.

Ho has all along made it plain that he considers the United States the principal front in the war. When an American—Linus Pauling, the officers of SANE, a peacenik professor, a broadcasting network—writes him a letter, he replies promptly. He addresses a moving "New Year's Greeting" to "the American people." He welcomes an American visitor like Staughton Lynd with open arms. He hails the anti-war movement in the U.S., and frankly explains that he counts on it to get the U.S. troops out of Southeast Asia.

System Pilot

It is in this context that we must understand Ho's handling of the prisoner pilots. He is forging the pilots into a special psywar weapons system which has its own mission while at the same time it serves more general purposes.

The immediate mission of the *Pilot* system is to deter *further* escalation of the attack on North Vietnam; in particular to keep Haiphong harbor open, protect Haiphong city and Hanoi and thereby the administrative centers, preserve the dike and irrigation installations on which North Vietnam's food supply depends, and negate any U.S. thought of using nuclear weapons. In effect, Ho—echoed and amplified by the world Communist enterprise—is saying: any more escalation and we kill your men. The detailed meaning is indicated by publicity about alleged civilian death and destruction from attacks already carried out, dikes ruined, and Soviet ships endangered in Haiphong harbor. System *Pilot* thus becomes a key element in Ho's anti-aircraft defenses, a psywar substitute making good his material deficiency. (To serve his purpose, it may be noted, Ho must keep the pilots alive.) *Pilot* seems to be working fairly well, so far. Moreover, it has produced a state of mind, in many quarters, such that, *if* the U.S. escalates further and if Ho then kills the pilots, Lyndon Johnson, not Ho, will get the most part of the blame.

System *Pilot* also aids the more general world campaign to picture the U.S. as the blood-dripping aggressor, more frightful than Hitler—the theme repeated daily by the master-organists of Peking and Moscow. In fact, *Pilot* has been peculiarly fitted for use in this broader campaign by Ho's adaptation of the ready-made Nuremberg concepts—which automatically provide the ideological and emotional link to the Hitler experience.

According to the Nuremberg doctrine, individuals are responsible for "war crimes" even if carried out in obedience to orders from higher authority; and, Hitler being a notorious aggressor, such crimes are vaguely connected in most people's minds with "aggression." Bombing other people looks aggressive to the casual eye, whatever the background. Thus, in talking about the American pilots as "war criminals" who can be tried and punished for "war crimes," Hanoi, Peking and Moscow tie them semantically to Nazis, and their leader to the Nazi leader. Bertrand Russell has made the relationships explicit in his call for a tribunal to try Lyndon Johnson as the chief war criminal.

Our Own Weaving

U.S. policy has provided Ho with some of the ingredients for System *Pilot*. If we had simply gone to war with the declaration that we believed our cause to be just, and then fought as effectively as we could to win, Ho would have lacked the subtleties required for *Pilot*. But the many and complicated distinctions we make in the escalatory ladder suggest that *we* believe there are moral differences in the various levels; that it is right to bomb a truck carrying men to fight below the Seventeenth Parallel, but wrong to stop the ship bringing the fuel for the truck; right to hit an anti-aircraft battery beside a bridge, but wrong to blast a missile site in a city suburb. And it is our nation more than any other that is responsible for the Nuremberg concepts. We have got ourselves tangled in nets largely of our own weaving.

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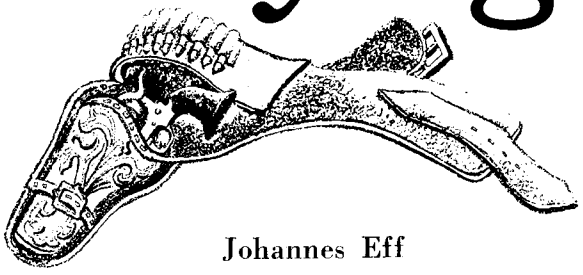
Buffalo Bill is dying



Johannes Eff

This is a poem about what happened the night
Norman Mailer got in a fight
With Mohammud's aligater,
And Tom Mix was then only a wide-eyed kid in chaps watching Brando lessons on the Late Later,
And Roy Lichtenstein he weren't any bigger than a bumble
Bee but Frank nacherally already knew how to mumble
Swishy wods ter dream by.
An this fella came up and asked me a very poisonal question 'bout how high
I scored on the S'lective Service 'Ferment Test,
I saw THE KEY on his vest:
Crickee, Steve Rojack, I sed trying to show my 22% smile,
Manhattan Island isn't going out o' stile
Before nex Tuesday anyway. I hope.
An he said nope.
But I could tell by his long, grey wierd, an glitterin' eye
That he was at least a two, maybe even a three-ply Maserati cut-up:
Awfercrimeoutloudshuttup!
Was what he said sipping his medium dry Martini shaken not stirred,
His leetle ol' 4½ litre Bentley with Amherst Villiers supercharger and twin exhaust going past me slightly blurred;
The day you make me say Rudyard that will be the day
I said not as all ghat out, say.
Why there is hardly room in this here tel'phone boof for two elephants
Let alone nineteen unhealthy sycophants.
'Sides, operating a demolition ball on the Hamiltonian economy principle
Of least action in a nuclear age makes water-breathin' people prackilly invincible,

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And President Johnson said that top scholars
don't have to rack their brains more than
third viscosity muck.
Luck'
Ly for them.
Ahem.
If the real Robinson Caruso wont stand up
to sing
Who the dickens am I gonna get Bing
Went to play golf and he had a couple bogeys
goin' out,
An a coupla birdies comin' in. How 'bout
Dat,
Khat?
But I did *all de dings it said to do on the box!*
Well, first I folded in three eggs, cel'ry, syrup,
Corsican peppers, Alsatian rarebits, and
lessee, prox-
Imately seben spoonfuls o' Mother Morse's
Mouth-watering Crumbly Grains;
An you know what I got fer my pains?
Burnt crud,
Bud.
Awright suppose you tell me how high it is up
the Jungfrau from Hyannis on the gospel side.
And when yer through wif that sizzler, say
Mickey Mantle gets one low and wide:
Now are you going to believe the mere umpire
er me?
No, there's no third choice just me and that
home plate B.

Goldwater in the fink get-up, the pads to
make him look 'fficial,
An maybe a brekfus of Damp Champions Ring
with yer own 'nitial.
Well? I'm waiting, Basil.
Look the place has seven barbers and the sign
says absolootely no shampoo rasil-dasil.
And if you bring up Andy Hardy's name once
more when you know this lechur is supposed
to be about Joannie Plunk an her cheetah
crew from Fromland, California,
Ah wornia!
An that goes twice, Leech,
Fer Ronald's SPEECH.
Fu'thermore Most Rev. Pike I think it was said
Joseph was just as natchl
As you, me, or even Cain with enough atchl
Grace thrown in to make a ballgame outer it.
Take Dirksen (Ill-R.). Far as he's concerned
the louter it
Gets in the Gallery,
The more he's earning his sallery.

II

Strange. I know I came in the door that leads
from Council Bluffs,
And if there is one thing I definitely do not
need it is cuffs
On these here levis to catch any worn dimes.
I know where to get free kisses, er, aspirin,
and THE TIMES.
You think it's easy to stand here this way
on one finger?
Come on now don't malinger:
Either you paint all your arteries blue and
veins red with this here brush
Or mush!
You'll find I think the long way shorter than
you thought,
You'll find I think the short way longer than
it ought.

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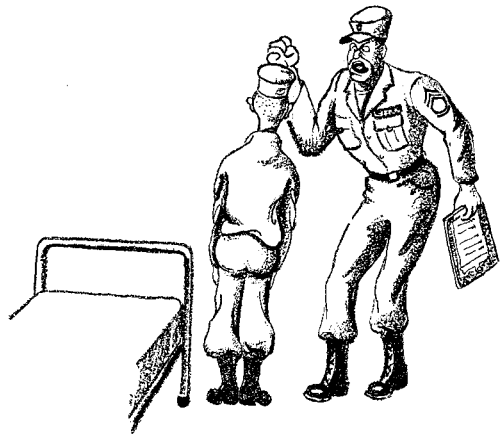
Any event you limbo the tape when you get there,
And if steaks are served you tell the waiter you want yours RARE.
Gorefellow made it, right? And Nightmare Kenneth?
All you have to do is walk up with your racket and say Tenneth,
Anybody?
Nuf o' this la di
Da,
Pa.
You have to know the right place to kick the set to make it work,
You have to go to the right bizarres to work the dirk.
All else is vanity;
Or at least an incipient form of the most unfashionable type of insanity.
Swell. Thas just what I bin waiting ter hear!
Only suppose it doesn't work! Serpose, Dear,
That the only way out of this ball park is through that big bore's head?
You want to know what the symptom's are when somebody's dead?
Obviously you have a lot to learn about a coroner's report,
Sport.
I'll grant you it isn't much of a view down the subway tracks,
But Ionesco has the facks
In a dandy brochure put out by Oops, Incorporated,
Dated
Monday, June lebenth, Year O' The Cockroach.
An that's exactly what I told the coach,
Ony he was so busy running for office last week Harold was,
They were putting up sixty story buildings out of fuzz,
Stuffed with all ages and flavors o' lemmings,
Arthur filling notebooks all the while with derlicious hemmings
And hawings
You don't believe he's Dali till you see his drawings
Down at Chase;
You got one amigo there let me tell you to yer face.
But Friend. I do you no disservice.
Did you not agree with me that if sergeants make you nervous
To try another branch?
Canch



You try to cooperate a little with the man who pays the freight?
Adam is on his way back to town right now, Mate,
Save a little of the CORE at least.
Beast!
But I was *looking back in* Angst, *Mary Poppins.*
Whaddya mean where is my bird license for all the droppin's?
Snakes above,
Dove,
We only have a lousy skeleton to start with,
Not counting o'course The Collapsible Cool for getting smart with:
An all the Teilhards in the woil can't make a Birch into a Buddhist.
How many times I got to tell yer no you can't

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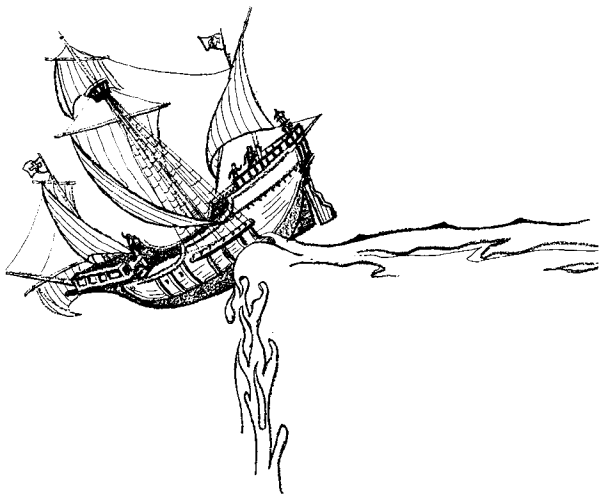
become a nudist
Overnight.
Flight
606 to Paris left already, Sir, I'm sorry.
What other specials have we got well there's the 219 to Horri, BLe South You-Know-Where.
You don't care? Well I can't say I exactly share
Your taste in crinkled 19th Century dinosaur hide
Still I suppose if it is *cooked well making sure it died.*
No what you are looking at is not for sale;
It's only a floor model whale.

III.

Land O' Goshen
What's the ocean
Coming to these days with all that infinite wetness and the like,
Allus a body can do these days is buy a dike
An hope for the best which IN THE NATURE OF THINGS is going to be a wee bit short,
Sport,
At the knees,
So pleese,
God, don make me genuflect so much.
Sure we play touch tackle on public property
You want to make something out of id,
Squid?
In my Father's House there are many run-down mansions that need inspection
And I'm telling you the ONLY way to stop the infection
Is plenty peroxide poured right into the gash:
What was the Kid doing in the 5000 yard dash
Anyway? Don't he know that's the quickest way to get a cleat in the head,
Ted?
Yes I know our products are all insured against THE BLEER,
But look mister I ony work here
For the last 43 years cepting Saturdays an vacations.
How do I know what we do when we run out of poles at the United Nations?
Order some more from Poland I suppose.



Furthermore the first 1000 years always goes
Hard. You have to put the whiski in the cellar and forget about it to get that smooth
Rich-bloodied, bonded-in-steel booth.
How does *the whirl end?*
I'll tell you friend:
You're sailing along in your Santa Maria, see,
On the lookout for red herrings and other sech flea
Bitten figments of pre-Columban art when blat!
Off the end you go which serves you right fer fergetting the world is flat
When yer alienated, whopped, an marinated
Into a fig dated
Yestiday's worst.
And that is no way to behave considering we have a principle around here to always let t'other fella draw first.
Breathing lessons. Ready?
Air is composed mostly of nitrogen, hydrogen, oxygen, and veady
Much soot.

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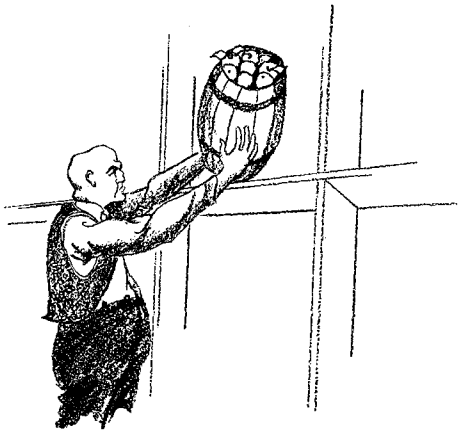
In fack the index is so high smells like a boot
Today.
Say
Thas a good one and if Joe Miller were alive, by Gregory, he would have noted it.
Now take that apple barrel right down again
I don't much like the way you loted it:
You know it takes only one to sperl the whole co-existing batch



And don't give me that super-cool natch
Like I wasn't in the reviewing stand smiling when the Lithuanian patriots came marching by.
Viseguy.

IV.

I suppose you're wondering why I brought you here
To this windy meadow, Dear.
The faucets drip in all the rooms,
The writings worn on all the tombs,
The lady with the stony face
Keeps the furniture in place
Of children skipping on the stoop.
You see when I graduated from Chollege what saved me was the Group,
I said it hurts right here Doctor near my heart,
Mary, Mary got the better part.
And what about all the times I worked my fingers to the bone
China is too delicate to fool with when you are all alone
In the ward and people want to shower yer with love.
Picasso dove
Head first dint he for your shake and mine:
Have the decency to whine!
The fertile goat with bony hips'
A plushy womb for VIPs;
But who is the second *beneficiary?*
Well the Wet People want Hairy Cary.
Crickee! If I thought he were that *sick:*
I knew him down in Arkansas poor Yorick.
But he weren't alive when Will sed he never met a man he dint
Like howm I gonna take THE SAFETY HINT
If I don feel alive bulow 143 MPH?
Member wot they useta say bout that kitchen-testid flour:
Eventually why not now?
Alice one a these days pow!
Whaddya mean you can't wait till next Monday
You got to have the fire next time on Sunday?
Monday's washday? Egad!
Anybody hates what King Jones hates can't be all bad.
The ony thing you have to remember about Sarah Bernhardt
She was sexy. And nobidy never died from no dern heart
Burn
Col
Onel Hefner, Sir.
Look ya don hafta grovel fer a key ter
THE HUTCH
Slongs ya don touch.
Bill Bill don't leave us! Crack!
The Injuns are a-comin' back!

Johannes Eff

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The 'Death of God' Theology—I

The Philosophy Behind It

WILL HERBERG

In all the "death of God" excitement, let us be clear about two things: first, the "death of God" talk does not constitute a "new theology," or even a new direction in theology, despite all the irresponsible hullabaloo manufactured by the mass media: and, secondly, however strange it may sound, the "death of God" propagandists are not atheists, but Christians, and Christian theologians to boot. It is easy, and sometimes useful, to expose the incoherencies, the inconsistencies, the absurdities of their doctrine. But they are not schizophrenics or buffoons; they are, or at least they believe themselves to be, serious Christian thinkers, trying to say something significant. What is it they are trying to say?

Herberg

How can Christian thinkers speak of the "death of God"? Note, they are not saying, "There is no God," or, "God does not exist," as is the way of the conventional atheist. They are saying, in effect, that once God was "alive," now He is "dead": what can they possibly mean?

The underlying philosophy of these "death of God" theologians — and indeed, of many contemporary theologians who are not of their school as well — is what has come to be known as *phenomenology*. It is not easy to make clear just what phenomenology is, so many and so different are the varieties of thought that go under that label. By and large, I should say, the phenomenological enterprise may be described as the effort to grasp and display the essential features of what is *as it appears;* anything that is is really and truly what it appears as being, without having any prefabricated system or theory imposed on it to find out what it "really" is. A phenomenology of religion, for example (such as Rudolf Otto undertakes, in part at least, in *The Idea of the Holy*), strives to discern and describe what it is to be religious for those who are religious. This approach requires the methodological "bracketing out" of two kinds of questions; questions about facticity, and questions about psychology. Really to understand what it means to be religious, it is necessary to put aside, for the time being, the question, "Are these beliefs 'factually true'?", and the question, "How have they come to feel, or believe, or act this way?" In other contexts, these questions might be interesting and important; but they are not relevant, they can only prove confusing, to the effort to *understand* religion as it is, that is, as it appears (the "*phenomenon* of religion").

Now, if in phenomenological analysis we "bracket out" facticity and psychology, what do we have? Meaning! The entity, the being, the what-is, becomes its meaning. *Being becomes identical with meaning.* Let me illustrate this conclusion by an example from another field.

Let us say that I am writing a monograph, "Toward an Understanding of the Meaning of Graham Greene's *The Heart of the Matter.*" What would be the difference if I spoke of it as "Toward an Understanding of Graham Greene's *The Heart of the Matter*" omitting "the Meaning of"? Nothing, no difference. Why? Because, *for the reader,* the novel and the meaning of the novel are identical. Not for the printer, of course, or for the old-paper dealer: they have other interests and concerns, interests and concerns that do not involve the meaning of the book. But for the reader as reader, the novel *is* its meaning, and nothing but its meaning. That is how the reader "sees" the novel. This, the phenomenologists say, is how we human beings "see" anything that enters into the sphere of human spirit (*Geist* in the Hegelian sense).

So here we are. The being of anything in the sphere of human spirit is its meaning. It *is* as it means, what it means—exactly as a novel *qua* novel is as it means, what it means. Admittedly, it is not easy to grasp this strange way of seeing things, so remote from, and yet so near to, our "naive" outlook. But it is the premise of much of contemporary theologizing.

All this underlies the thinking of the "death of God" theologians, though not all of them clearly understand it, or are able to relate it to their enterprise. But this is not the only occasion on which we have to try to understand people better than they understand themselves, if we are to understand them at all.

'Objectivism' Is Out

Now the "death of God" theologians, and many others as well, systematically extend the phenomenological approach, the phenomenological "bracketing out," the phenomenological identification of being and meaning, to religion and Christianity. Religion, Christianity, God are—for the believer, or for anyone who wants to understand the believer — their meaning. They are as and what they mean. If you think of God as having being *apart from meaning,* then you must be thinking of God as a kind of supernatural object "out there," and this (we are told) implies that talking about God is indulging in a strange kind of superphysics unknown to science; it is to commit the cardinal sin of "objectivism" (in philosophy), or "supernaturalism" (in theology). No; to assert that "God is," or "God lives," is to assert that God has meaning and relevance, and that the being of God is His meaning and relevance, and nothing else. Many, if not most, of contemporary theologians would agree with this, to some extent at least, and many have stated it explicitly with a good deal of sophistication.

What is so special about the "death of God" theologians is their loud and rather strident insistence that, whatever meaning and relevance God may once have had, He has now lost this meaning and relevance for modern man. Modern man (they assert) no

(Continued on p. 799)

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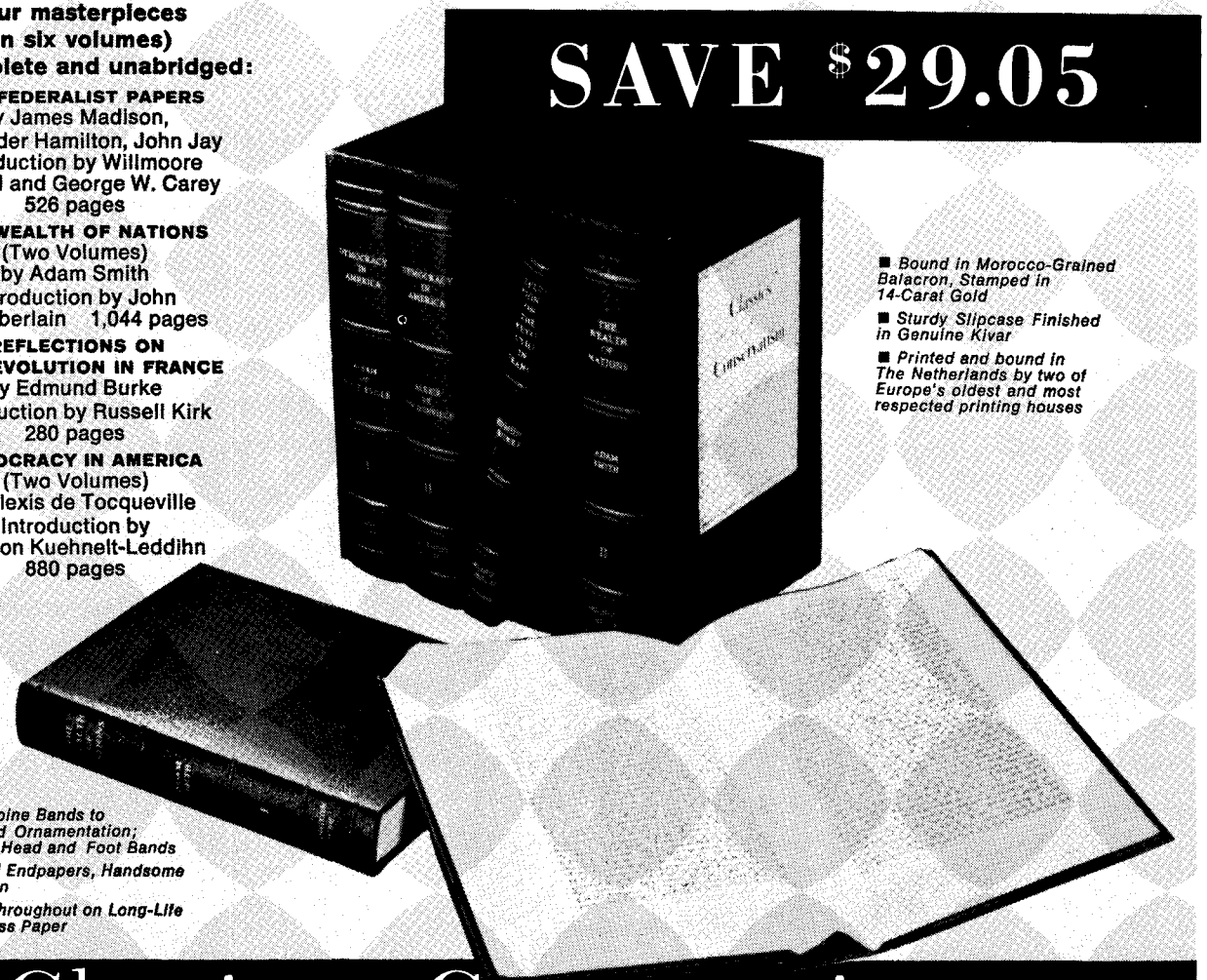

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Vietnam: Peace on the 1954 Terms?

Everyone in sight suggests we go back to the Geneva Agreements, except Mr. Trager, who, having studied them, concludes that's where the trouble started

FRANK N. TRAGER

Various voices, including the distinguished U.S. Senate Foreign Relations Committee Chairman, Senator J. William Fulbright, have urged that in seeking an effective and reasonable settlement of the war in Vietnam "much [may] . . . be said for a return to the Geneva Accords of 1954, not just in their 'essentials' but in all their specifications."

Close study of these Agreements leads to an opposite conclusion; neither the "essentials" nor the "specifications" of Geneva '54 should be sought again. They were written in haste and ended in compromises with, and concessions to, the Communist powers. They add up to political folly. These Agreements aided Communist North Vietnam to *initiate* further struggle against South Vietnam and prevented any objective peace-keeping machinery from performing its assigned function. They also fed the Pathet Lao in Laos and helped to bring that country almost to ruin. (The Western solution as proposed in the Geneva 1962 Agreements for Laos — majority voting within the Control Commission, more careful definition of the controls, freedom of movement for the Commission with provisions for its movement—is better than that of 1954, but still not good enough. It has been effectively negated by the Pathet Lao military hold on the territory now legally assigned to it—territory contiguous to China and to North Vietnam which it has illegally held since and because of ambiguities in Geneva '54.)

The 1954 Agreements contain a Declaration of thirteen Articles; and three Agreements governing the "cessation of hostilities" in Cambodia (33 articles), Laos (41 articles) and Vietnam (47 articles). It is quite probable that those who recommend these "essential" and "specific" agreements have not fully studied them—or even, in many cases, read them.

Nine states took part in the Geneva '54 Conference: Cambodia, the Democratic Republic of Vietnam (the Communist North), Laos, France, the People's Republic of China, the USSR, the United Kingdom, the State of Vietnam (soon to become the Republic) and the United States. The latter two refused to sign the Declaration. They issued separate "declarations." The United Kingdom and the USSR became the co-chairmen to oversee the execution of the Agreements. Though the Conference began (on the Korean questions) on April 26, it reached the Indochinese questions on May 8, ending on July 21.

The U.S. declaration held that it would abide by the Geneva Declaration *provided* the signatories refrained in the future from the threat or use of force; it also indicated that "any renewal of the aggression in violation of the . . . Agreements" would be viewed "with grave concern and as seriously threatening international peace and security"; and that it would "not join in an arrangement which would hinder" the peoples of Vietnam in determining "their own future."

No Confidence

In this connection it should be emphasized that though neither the United States nor the Republic of Vietnam were signatories to the Geneva Agreements in 1954, this fact of itself did not wholly relieve the two governments from observing the provisions of these Agreements *provided all other parties to them abided by them.* There is precedent in international law for observing treaties and agreements which cover a zone or subject of interests even if a government is not signatory to the treaty. However, any breach of the articles of the agreement by any of the contracting parties automatically suspends or destroys the basis for compliance by other contracting or related parties. It certainly relieves nonsignatories from any actual or implied obligation to observe the provisions of the treaty or agreement.

It is clear that the U.S. representatives at Geneva had little confidence in its conclusions; that they expected trouble and therefore provided legitimate tests by which the U.S. could legally and honorably determine its course of action. Any objective examination of the post-Geneva conduct of North Vietnam with respect to the key positions of the Agreements—military matters, treatment of civilian populations in the zone of the South from which its cadres were to depart and in its own territory, and aiding and abetting internal subversion—yields data sufficient to declare that the Democratic Republic of Vietnam violated the Agreements almost as soon as they were signed. Those who now say that the United States was (and is) guilty of "violation" when in the critical years 1954-56 it applied the tests written into the Agreements to determine the bona fides of the contracting parties are either misinformed or willing dupes of a Communist propaganda line.

The various non-Communist state delegations at Geneva were in part the victims of French political pressure, created by Premier Mendès-France, who came to power in mid-June on a policy which promised a solution to the Geneva conference and the end of the Franco-Vietnamese war by July 21, or his resignation. Premier Mendès-France was openly in opposition to the U.S.-supported European Defense Community concept—as was the USSR. He thereby gained (in secret sessions) some cooperation from Molotov, the Russian

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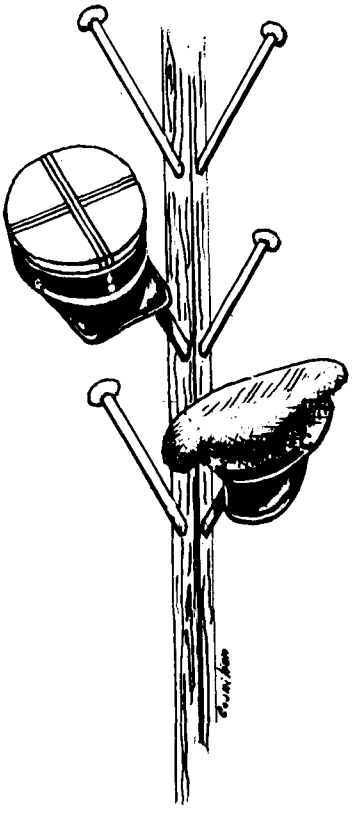
representative, in fulfilling his timetable but at the expense of compromises and concessions which the Western powers and the State of Vietnam had not wanted to make. Since the Geneva conference was called to end the hostilities in French Indochina, and since France was to be co-signer of the "cessation of hostilities" agreements with the Communist North Vietnam, as well as with the Kingdom of Laos and Cambodia, the Western powers reluctantly and unwisely acquiesced in France's position.

The assorted 134 articles of the Geneva Agreements treat five major topics: the Cease-Fire; Regroupment of Forces and treatment of Populations; post-cease-fire military assistance; elections, and international supervisory arrangements to guarantee the first four.

1) *Cease-Fire.* The Western powers wanted to insure agreement on cease-fire before political questions were discussed. The Communists insisted on their being coupled and won out since the military situation had been steadily going against the French, climaxed by the fall of Dien Bien Phu on the very day, May 8, when the discussions on Indochina began. The Communist delegations (as in 1965) made a determined bid to include the Communist Khmer (Cambodian) and Pathet Lao forces as regular members of the Geneva conference on the grounds that these were "national liberation forces." Here, at least, the opposition of the royal Lao and Cambodian governments prevailed over the Vietminh (Communist) delegation from Hanoi. But the latter won a major concession, as we shall see, when this type of question came up under regroupment. Though the Cease-Fire agreements prohibited the "resumption of hostilities" (Cmd. 9239, Vietnam, Article 10, 19 and 24) and though these articles refer to "armed forces" and "regular troops," nothing that the Americans and the British could do succeeded in persuading the French negotiators to insist that "irregular," i.e. guerrilla, forces be included in this prohibition.

Withdrawals of the regular armed forces, including equipment and supplies (Cmd. 9239, Vietnam, Article 15), were to be completed within 300 days. They were to take place without hindrance, destruction or sabotage of any public property and without injury to the civil population. As a matter of record the withdrawal of the Vietminh forces from the zone of the South was accompanied by considerable looting and destruction of public buildings and railroads, systematic destruction or theft of the files, documents and especially land registries in the upper provinces close to the 17th Parallel, and kidnaping or murder of local officials. But by contrast to the activity of the "irregulars" who were left behind, these were transient woes visited upon the government and people of South Vietnam.

Immediately after the Geneva Agreements were signed, the leader of North Vietnam, Ho Chi Minh, publicly vowed to bring about the reunification of his state with that of the Republic of Vietnam. There is nothing reprehensible in such a view. Many Vietnamese, like many Germans and Koreans, are pledged to the eventual reunification of their countries. What is at issue is the methods employed to achieve the goal. In 1955, the Vietminh "irregular" cadres in the South organized what came to be called the "Army of Liberation" and began their military, terror, and kidnaping operations against the Republic of Vietnam.



In mid-1956 I toured the Delta of South Vietnam to visit installations of the Philippine-manned Operation Brotherhood, a non-governmental program of medical and social charity, and the Cai San resettlement villages of northerners who voted with their feet against the Communist North. In both areas we had to have military protection because our jeeps and canal boats were subject to Vietminh fire. The country was at war with an enemy led, trained, inspired and encouraged by Communists whose loyalty was to Hanoi, and who were attempting to overthrow a legitimate government which had become a republic the previous year.

The "irregulars," using arms and ammunition cached prior to the withdrawal of the regular armed forces, were the cadres of the Vietminh, i.e. the Communist North, left behind in the South to carry out guerrilla warfare as planned. They operated under various names such as the "Patriotic Front" or "United Front" or "Fatherland Front." Estimates vary but somewhere between five and ten thousand "irregulars" were thus available in the South to conduct warfare. And though the "armed forces" of the contracting parties were not to commit acts and operations, nothing was said in the Agreements about infiltration, terrorism, assassination and covert military operations—classic aspects of Communist tactics—which could be and were conducted by these irregulars.

2) *Regroupment and Treatment of Population.* The aim of the Communists was to insist on large regroupment and assembly areas which could then be controlled by their forces. The Western powers apparently never agreed on what they wanted. The Cambodians won out on having no regroupment area in their state—only withdrawals. But the Communists also won out elsewhere by demanding the north and northeastern provinces of Laos and then settling for those provinces contiguous to Communist China and North Vietnam—a position further reinforced by the 1962 Geneva Agreements!

Each party (Cmd. 9239, Article 14c) undertook to refrain from "reprisals or discrimination against persons or

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organizations on account of their activities during the hostilities and to guarantee democratic liberties." The Communists used this to attract the Diem government when it sought to repress the (northern) army of liberation which began to operate in 1955. But they used terror, assassination and suppression to wipe out dissident, anti-Communist leadership in the North. And, as we shall see, inspections could not be or were not undertaken.

According to Article 14d, during the 300 days assigned to military regroupment and exchanges, civilians were to enjoy the option of choosing to remain or to depart from residence. This period was extended by agreement to a new cut-off date, July 25, 1955. By then approximately 861,000 persons had left the North for the South, as against less than 5,000 choosing the North. This latter figure must be coupled with approximately 100,000 Vietminh troops of various kinds inclusive of their dependents who went north as part of the military exchange. However, the obvious disparity in numbers led the North to impose restrictions and brutal punishments on those who sought to go south. Summary arrests, denial of permits, intimidation by "show trials" of those who served as leaders of the exodus, and executions, served to inhibit the exercise of the option. Residual petitions affecting 95,000 persons in the North were presented to the International Control Commission. Nothing ever came of these. They and an unknown number were never allowed to leave the Democratic Republic of Vietnam.*

3) *Military Assistance.* Articles 16-19 (Vietnam) banned "troop reinforcements," "additional military personnel," new war material, new bases and foreign-controlled bases. These terms were either not defined or ill-defined. Rotation, replacement of war material, etc. were permitted under inspection. But the inspection teams were not allowed to function particularly in the classified military security areas of North Vietnam close to the Chinese border! And though the American military advisers *replaced* the French after 1955-56, the Vietminh argued their illegality and protested while its own forces were augmented by Sino-Soviet materials and advisers and while it was augmenting the Vietcong forces within South Vietnam. Nothing was said in these Agreements about the size of national armies, local production of arms and other aspects of war-potential which might make it possible for one state to threaten the security of another.

4) *Elections.* Though the Western powers originally suggested that these be postponed until security was established, the Russians proposed elections in one year and because of Mendès-France secured an agreement that election consultations be started in one year (July 1955) and held not later than July 1956. The French thereby agreed to a provision which they would have no future right or power to enforce. The State of Vietnam had indicated that it would accept elections only if the country were not partitioned and if the United Nations would supervise such elections "so as to ensure their freedom and genuineness." Obviously such conditions never were met. And by 1956, the Vietminh organs of repression within the Democratic Republic of Vietnam had made it wellnigh impossible to hold free elections within the Communist country.

5) *The International Control and Supervision Commission.* Article 34 (Vietnam) created the ICC—as it came to be called—composed, as a compromise, of representatives of three states: India (chairman), Canada and Poland. The ICC was charged with control and supervision of all the foregoing operations. It was to set up fixed and mobile inspection teams. If the inspection teams could not settle an incident they were to report to the Commission. The latter had the power to decide some issues by majority vote (Article 41) but decisions on "questions concerning violations, or threats of violations, which might lead to a resumption of hostilities . . . must be unanimous," (Article 42). These, of course, were the major issues and they required unanimity. Further,

*The refugee problem was one of the most far-reaching issues at the time. See Richard W. Lindholm, ed., *Vietnam, The First Five Years* (Michigan State University Press, 1959), pp. 48-103. There is much supporting evidence for the approximated 861,000 figure used above. It climbed in subsequent years by illegal immigration—perhaps another 100,000.

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any member of the ICC could insist that a question at issue came under Article 42, not 41.

The effect was stultification. This was the first application of Moscow's "troika" principle, later advanced for the United Nations itself. Poland could always veto an issue if it was not consonant with Communist policy —and did so. India, especially before its ox was gored by the Chinese Communists, refused to cast a majority vote even on the lesser questions because it would "increase tensions" or some such rot. As a result, the ICC, unable to provide for its own mobility, frequently deprived of necessary help from both Vietnam states, powerless to come to a decision on important matters, served little if any useful purpose. Even Canada, in the first critical months of the ICC, chose to interpret its role as an "impartial" one and sought to play out the game as if its impartiality would assist in an ultimate decision-making potential within the ICC. Canada—and all other interested parties—learned better later. On those rare occasions when the ICC arrived at recommendations, it lacked sanctions to enforce them. If one of the states refused to accept a recommendation, the best the ICC could do was to refer the matter to the Geneva conference co-chairmen, the United Kingdom and the USSR (Article 43). Obviously the Soviets had yet another forum for their in-built veto.

The Geneva Agreements were thus inept, hopelessly ensnared in a mess of irresolution, and ill-defined, with no policeman capable of handling any but the most unimportant complaints and minor violations. To go back to their "essentials" or their "specifications" is to go back to a political sieve helpful only in advancing the Communist cause of warfare at the lower end of the spectrum: infiltration, subversion, guerrilla activity—the so-called "wars of national liberation."

Letter from Virginia

A Stillness at Berryville

JAMES FLETCHER

As former Senator Harry F. Byrd lay dying in Berryville, the organization he had built up during his four decades in public life in Virginia suffered its most serious setback. The patriarch of the "fellowship of like-minded men" which has governed Virginia so well since the early Thirties never knew that his son Harry Byrd Jr. had barely squeaked to victory in the July 12 Democratic primary; or that Howard W. Smith, the eighty three-year-old dean of the state congressional delegation and chairman of the House Rules Committee, had been retired; or that Senator A. Willis Robertson had apparently lost his final political fight.

Though the campaign may have proved an instructive one for the organization, its results give conservatives little reason for comfort. Indeed the Democratic primary results demonstrate decisively the cohesion and the new power of urban voting blocs and the increasing fragmentation of the numerically superior conservative strength.

The roots of the change go back some years. Under the Byrd leadership, an informal alliance of rural interests (known usually as the "courthouse crowd"), suburban voters, and the usually conservative city of Richmond (where Virginius Dabney edits the *Richmond Times-Dispatch* and James J. Kilpatrick, the *Richmond News-Leader,* conservative journals both) has dominated the state, turning in two-to-one victories for organization candidates over the years. The hallmarks of Byrd conservatism have been state rather than federal initiative, fiscal integrity, and a kind of first-name politics in which most important decisions were made (and well made) by a few people over glasses of bourbon and water. The senator remained silent during the Presidential campaigns, and the state went for Eisenhower and Nixon, returning to the Democratic fold for Johnson by a narrow margin in 1964.

In 1965 an organization ticket, led by Mills E. Godwin, a onetime segregationist, faced a strong Republican challenge. Republicans in Virginia have little ideology, and their continuing folly has been to run as clean-shaven, good-guy underdogs without indicating a clear adherence to the state's basic conservatism. Against Godwin, the GOP fielded a lightweight named Linwood Holton.

Godwin's campaign needed strong backing because the Republican challenge was a well-organized, if ill-led, effort. The state Democrats for the first time enlisted some Liberal aid and discreetly sought Negro votes. The opening to the left was not a very big one. The Democratic Party remained basically conservative, if pragmatic, but some voters were dissatisfied. During the 1964 Presidential campaign, Godwin had ridden through the state on the Ladybird Special. Though the effect was probably negligible, some conservatives credited Johnson's win in Virginia to Godwin's train ride with Mrs. Johnson. The result was the formation of the mischievous Conservative Party (no kin to the New York group). And therein lies the tale of 1966.

The Conservative candidate against Godwin in 1965 managed to poll 75,000 votes, most of them from the rural strongholds of the organization. Godwin, of course, won, but the combined Conservative and Republican

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totals added up to over half the vote, something unheard of in Virginia.

Before the newly elected governor took office, Senator Byrd, who had been re-elected decisively in 1964, resigned because of ill health. Governor Albertis Harrison appointed Byrd's fifty three-year-old son, known around the State as Little Harry, to succeed his father. Young Byrd has a solid record. He is a successful newspaper publisher. His record in the State Senate is impressive, and he has served with distinction as chairman of the Virginia Advisory Commission on Economic Development. He avoided seeking the governorship on two occasions because he believed that a father and a son should not at the same time hold the state's highest offices. Most Virginia conservatives expected and welcomed his appointment to the Senate. Some Liberals felt differently. Representative Pat Jennings, a West Virginian at heart, and former state Senator Armistead L. Boothe, long an anti-organization leader, denounced Byrd and raised cries of dynasty and nepotism.

For Byrd, the pre-primary watershed was the Jefferson-Jackson Day dinner in Richmond. The assembled Democrats cheered their new senator enthusiastically, but Jennings gained only perfunctory applause. His cool receptions on this and several other forays to Richmond plus the impressive list of backers Byrd had secured (including National Committeeman Sydney Kellam, who had run Johnson's campaign in Virginia and on whom Jennings had counted) deterred the aspiring candidate. Jennings sulked back home to southwest Virginia and left the challenge to Boothe, a northern Virginia Liberal who had once battled Godwin for the lieutenant-governorship.

In a normal year the primary fight might have been a far easier one for the organization. But for the first time in memory, two Senate seats were at stake. Senator Robertson was up for re-election too.

Though never at the center of organization councils, Robertson, chairman of the Senate Banking Committee, was ideologically close to the older Byrd. Although he seldom turned up at the annual Berryville picnics, he served the state and its philosophy of fiscal conservatism well. At 78, he suddenly found himself the state's senior senator. To insure that Virginia did not lose all its seniority in the Senate at once he decided to stand again.

But an opponent presented himself. State Senator William Spong of Portsmouth, a non-organization man of moderate opinions, declared for the seat, criticizing Robertson on grounds of age and alleged obstructionism. A young man, a good vote-getter in Portsmouth, and the chairman of a study commission that did much to improve Virginia's educational system, Spong seemed a potent candidate for Liberals and anti-organization forces. He signed on a group of graduates of the University of Virginia Law School as aides and went to work.

During April, May and June, Virginia saw more political activity than it had since the good old days when Senator Byrd defeated Francis Pickens Miller. Negroes registered in increasing numbers and the urban voter lists expanded greatly in the absence of a poll tax. Inspired by the turmoil, Delegate George Rawlings, an undistinguished Liberal from Fredericksburg, challenged Judge Smith in the Eighth. Boothe borrowed a song from Birch Bayh in Indiana ("Hey, look him over!"), Spong billed himself as "The man for today," and the two incumbents blossomed (separately) on red-white-and-blue billboards across the state.

It is unclear whether the decision to run separate campaigns came from the Robertson or the Byrd camp. Senator Robertson's strategists had decided to project their candidate as (in the terms of the Spong folk) "the goodies man." Advertisements appeared all over the state to the effect that "Robertson gets results for Virginia." Some of the Byrd people disliked seeing the frugal senior senator trying to sell himself as a big spender. Robertson asserted quite consistently that he opposed most programs involving large federal expenditures but that when such programs were passed, he saw that Virginia got her share. Organization folk, unused to a modern image-building campaign, squirmed a bit and backed off. They were later to regret their half-support of the older man.

Harry Byrd

Byrd had an image too, but it was seemingly a safer one. "Working for you" was the slogan, and the new senator became the state's chief job-getter: 117,900 new jobs created in Virginia since Byrd had been in charge of the state's industrial development program. In addition, Byrd made much of his efforts to effect a cessation of trade with North Vietnam on the part of America's erstwhile allies, and he emphasized his interest in technological education and the space program, in which Virginia plays an important part. Though Robertson's people had the right idea about an image, Byrd had the corner on professionals in the management of his day-to-day campaign. Compared to the other headquarters, the Byrd offices in Room 370 (a traditional organization base) of the Hotel Richmond were a marvel of efficiency. Robertson's offices upstairs showed signs of amiable chaos, Boothe's rooms down the street were dens of inefficient militance, and only the Spong quarters above the Presbyterian Bookstore showed a diligence approaching that of the Byrd workers.

Boothe worked hard, but he failed to press his attacks home. Issues came and went, and no one in the Boothe camp seemed to have any idea how to build an issue from day to day. In addition, Boothe's own record was weak on one point: though he claimed to support section 14(b) of the Taft-Hartley law and Virginia's own right-to-work law, Boothe had tried to have the Virginia law repealed and had denounced it in a 1959 Washington speech. Right-to-work is an important issue in Virginia,

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since many new industries locate in the state because of the law.

Unlike Boothe, Spong had campaign assistants who knew how to keep an issue in the public eye, and they went relentlessly for the jugular. Because of his efforts on behalf of universally applauded banking legislation, Robertson received endorsements and funds from banking associations and from bankers. Quite proper, quite natural. But Spong conveyed the impression that Robertson was somehow captive of "banking interests," though never pointing out how Robertson had acted improperly.

Endorsements

During June most of the major political figures of the state (with the notable exception of Godwin) got into the act. Most of the state's Democratic congressmen endorsed Byrd and Robertson, the main exception being Pat Jennings, whose efforts for Boothe and Spong were curiously limited. (Reports from the Ninth District indicate that Jennings faces a strong Republican challenge in November and needs organization help.) Kellam came in behind Robertson, thinking he had picked a winner. Most of the influential newspapers, with notable exceptions in Northfold and Bristol, endorsed the incumbents. Some Byrd-Spong alliances were made on a local level, creating a running sore as the campaign drew to a close. And a few days before the primary, former Governor Battle, elderly father of Spong's manager and long an organization stalwart, endorsed Spong.

The Battle endorsement was ironic. The Spong forces had spread loud hints that Senator Robertson was approaching senility—though the solid evidence of the senator's public statements and speeches contradicted the allegations. Late in the campaign, Spong mentioned the possibility of Robertson's "incompetence," with all the nasty overtones.

At the end of the campaign the Conservatives and Republicans seized the limelight, urging their supporters to stay out of the primary. Virginia's election laws are ambiguous and seldom enforced, but registration is not by party and challenges have never been effective. Republicans often enter the primary because the only meaningful vote is in the Democratic primary and because they support the conservatism of the Democratic leaders. But with a party of their own beginning to show signs of life, Republican leaders played spoilsport. Conservative leaders went so far as to assert that there was no difference between Smith, one of the most conservative men in the House, and his Liberal opponent Rawlings. Byrd and Robertson were attacked for not serving the cause of conservatism.

A few days before the primary, Byrd's father had gone into a coma from which his doctors said he would never emerge. Campaigning ceased on all sides. On July 12, the former senator was still alive, but unconscious, and that day 436,000 Virginians went to the polls.

The early part of the evening went well. Well-known state names wandered anonymously in and out of the Winter Garden of the Hotel Richmond where WRVA-TV had established tabulation boards for the state returns. Robertson carried Roanoke, an anti-organization stronghold in the 1961 primary, and Byrd lost it by only a few hundred votes. Byrd crept up on Boothe and finally pulled ahead. This was expected. The good men always caught up by 9:30. But Robertson didn't and Byrd's lead never exceeded a few thousand. Judge Smith trailed Rawlings throughout the evening. By 1:00 A.M. Smith had been apparently defeated by about 300 votes, but Robertson had pulled to within a few hundred votes of Spong with twenty or so friendly precincts out. CBS gave Byrd and Robertson victories, but Warren and Giles' counties had been added twice by the AP, giving the older Senator about 700 votes too many.

Two days later everyone had faced the glum result. Byrd won by a mere 8,000 votes; Robertson seemed to have lost by 604; and Smith had been retired by 624 in the official canvass. The 40,000 and 50,000 majorities that the organization had been able to call on were gone, a non-organization man was well on the way to being senator, and the Byrd name had lost most of its magic.

The Democratic Party has been shaken to its foundations. A Spong-Battle organization seems in the making, based on great strength in the Tidewater cities of Norfolk, Newport News, Hampton, Portsmouth, and Virginia Beach. The Byrd organization probably regrets now that it did not give Robertson the small bit of extra help needed to put him across, for it has now a powerful antagonist with national allegiances and new sources of income. Nothing was more evident on July 13 than Byrd men swearing how much aid they had given Robertson when they really hadn't.

And the political cemeteries are filled with the carcasses of dead reputations. Sydney Kellam failed to deliver even his own Virginia Beach to Byrd and Robertson and has probably lost most of his great influence. Senator Edward E. Willey, Robertson's campaign manager, has seen his gubernatorial ambitions go by the wayside. (Some wags in the state capitol began calling campaign mistakes "Willeys," for the senator had made a few.)

A Question of Survival

Will the organization survive? The question is a difficult one. Senator Byrd, if he defeats his little-known Republican opponent in November, will have four years to build up the organization, though he will be in competition with Spong. Certainly Byrd must bid for more Negro and urban suppart than he has had. Perhaps 20 per cent of the Negro vote would be his for the asking; an organization among Negroes, better lines of communication, and avoidance of the racial issue (no longer important in Virginia as far as legislative matters go) are all that is required. No ideological sacrifice need be made. The Byrd people must learn not to turn green every time a Negro shows up in the office. Virginia still favors *de facto* segregation, and there is no danger of a sudden social upheaval. But the Negro vote is there and the organization needs a share of it, even if the share is small.

Many Virginians will lament July 12, 1966. The kind of first-name personal politics is gone, and something less attractive has taken its place. Had the former senator been well and alert, he would have enjoyed what an elderly Richmond lady, comment-

(Continued on p. 799)

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The City of the Caliphs

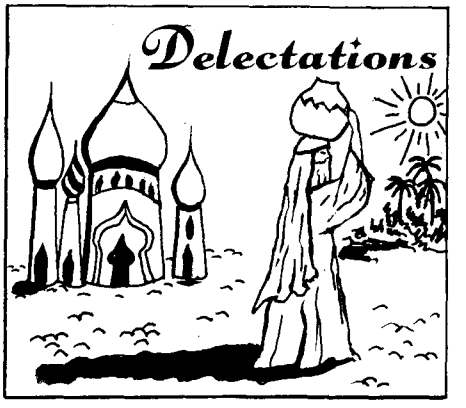
ALEC WAUGH

In August 1942 I welcomed a posting to Baghdad, because I could not live in Cairo on my pay as a staff-captain at GHQ. Cairo was distractingly full of attractive females, but the proportion of males to females was 55 to one and a man in his middle forties, to enter the arena hopefully, needed the rank of colonel with a car at his disposal. Baghdad, on the other hand, was Moslem and monastic. My friends commiserated. "Baghdad is ugly, dirty, smelly. For half the year the temperature does not drop below 100°. In July it is too hot even for the flies. There is no hill station for weekends. It is an island in the desert. You'll soon be applying for a transfer." Only one voice was encouraging. Its owner had worked in oil there, before the war. "If you can stand it for three months," he said, "it's yours."

Then as now, no city in the world makes a worse first impression, and it was at its worst when I arrived in mid-September. The broad, brown Tigris was flanked by low dun-colored buildings—Iraq is called *le pays beige*. Dust lay everywhere, on roofs, on window sills, on the date palms of the stunted oleanders. Water had been flung down to lay it and the streets were puddled. The pavements were thronged with shabby Arabs in long, dirty robes, with black-veiled shuffling women, with porters low-bent under cumbersome burdens of furniture and brushwood, with bare-legged urchins, with beggars and dogs and shoeshine boys. The shops were in keeping with the streets they lined. They were, nearly all of them, one-windowed cabins, appropriate to a bazaar but not a thoroughfare, displaying behind clouded glass cheap-looking, exorbitantly expensive wares. The main street, El Rashid, which ran parallel with the river and had been cut through the city by the Germans during the First War, was partly protected against the sun by a colonnade. The air under its roof was fetid. Only the narrow side streets with their shuttered balconies were picturesque, and they were very dirty. "Moon-dream city of delight" indeed.

I was appalled not only by what I saw and smelt but by the general appearance of the British soldiers and officials. Their faces were drained of color and their bodies of vitality, like white asparagus. Was I going to look like that in three months' time? I should have been horrified could I have foreseen that my exile there was going to last three years.

Yet even so, when the time came for me to leave, my heart was heavy. After one had survived those three probationary months, one did find that the city itself had its own special charm. There was the determining abiding sense of its many fortunes, of its grandeur under the Caliphs when it had been the center of Islamic



culture, of its sudden eclipse when the Mongols sacked its elaborate system of irrigation. The Tigris had mirrored so much high drama. Moreover, dust and heat gave it, at times, the prettiness of a pastel painting, when you looked from the west bank at the low skyline cut by the domes of its mosques and the spires of its minarets. And it was still the repository of an ancient, long-based, comely way of life. Behind the heavily studded doors that were interspersed between the shop-fronts of El Rashid Street, were cool and shaded courtyards, with balconies and flowers and a fountain, with tiled floors and a palm or orange tree. There was also a fascinating seasonal variety of activity. In the early summer when the river sank, islands would rise in mid-stream which farmers would plant with vegetables: in the fall when the river rose, there would be a scurried gathering-in of produce before the islands were submerged. There was the salad season when the proletariat chewed lettuces in the streets. In late summer and through the fall, the banks of the Tigris would glow with fires in which the flat succulent fish, the *musgoof*, was being roasted.

Relations between Britain and Iraq were then good. It was not difficult to meet Iraqis. Freemasonry flourished. Iraqis were members of the lodges. There was a vigorous branch of the PEN Club. Fadhill Jamali, later to be Prime Minister and lucky to escape with his life after the rebellion, was one of its most active members. Its secretary was Majid Khadduri, now a professor at Johns Hopkins University. There was ample social scope. Nor was the climate as trying as that first glance of the heat-drained Westerners had led me to suppose. There was the relief of a real winter and brazen though the summer was, it was a dry not a humid heat. You could sleep with impunity on a roof, under a mosquito net, and 'round about four in the morning, a breeze would spring up from the river so that you would be forced to pull a sheet over your shoulders. I would be well content to relive the three years I spent there.

I have been back three times since: in 1950, in 1955, finally in November 1962 a few weeks before the regicides were in their turn overthrown. This last was a sad occasion. An anti-Western dictatorship had removed the amenities and privileges of the old regime. Iraqis were shy of meeting Britons. The lodges had been dissolved. The PEN Club had ceased to function. Diplomats had to get a special permit to go out of town for a day's hunting and even then they had to be accompanied on their excursions by an armed guard. For old time's sake, I stayed not in the new American-style hotel of which I had good report, but in what had been twenty years earlier a fashionable riverside hotel, whose owner was a friend of mine. It was now occupied by Russian technicians whose wives cooked and washed for their families, in their bedrooms. Its bar was desolate.

The city itself too was in process of reconstruction. A very necessary dam had been set across the river,

(Continued on page 799)

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The Draft

PRINCIPLES & HERESIES

Frank S. Meyer

In my column of June 28, which was concerned with Secretary McNamara's totalitarian proposal for universal youth forced labor, I wrote, "the only legitimate reason for governmental coercion of the services of free citizens is military necessity." A number of correspondents have objected on libertarian conservative grounds to conscription even in circumstances of military necessity.

Meyer

I am myself, for reasons I shall go into in a moment, very doubtful whether such military necessity exists under conditions of limited warfare, as in our present engagement in Vietnam, the Korean War, or wars of similar scale. Whenever it is possible to wage the nation's wars by voluntary service, it is the duty of a free government so to wage them.

On the most limited view of the powers of the state, however, I would say that its first responsibility and its broadest powers are those concerned with the preservation of the national safety and interest—ultimately, the war-making powers. Unless one is to take a pure anarchist position and oppose the existence of the state altogether, its minimum functions (which, I would maintain should be also its maximum functions) are: defense against foreign enemies, preservation of domestic order, and the administration of justice.

WHEN A man accepts the civilizational life made possible by the existence of the state, he by that very action accepts the obligation to fight for his country, just as he accepts the obligation to put aside vendetta and private justice, respecting and supporting the organs of internal order and the public justice of the courts of law. Certainly I would maintain that if, in deliberate conscience, he concludes that the moral law demands it of him, he has the ultimate right to secede from his obligation—*but only if he simultaneously renounces the benefits and protections of his citizenship.*

He has the right to become an outlaw, to put himself beyond the law of his country, whether by seeking exile or by becoming a revolutionary. Exile should be his free right, but if chosen it should be permanent and irrevocable, unless in the case of a penance proven by actions above and beyond the obligations he has denied. The choice of the revolutionary road should open him to all the penalties of the law. Our century, like other times of crisis before it, has seen too many unhappy occasions when these have been the only alternatives for a man of conscience; but the man of conscience will take such a decision with open eyes, recognizing that it is moral fraud to reject the obligation to defend one's country in arms or to join in conspiracies or actions to overthrow its institutions, while clinging to the perquisites and protections of the citizen.

The noble name of libertarian is besmirched and degraded when it is used to condone a one-sided repudiation of the contract of civil society, a whining demand for all its benefits, a pseudo-principled rejection of its obligations. If it is not moral depravity, it is invincible moral insensitivity that makes it possible for men calling themselves libertarians to prate in the name of freedom about the civil rights of disruptive practitioners of civil disobedience or the free-trade beauties of commerce with the enemy, or the iniquity of the citizen's military obligation, when the very structure of our freedom depends from moment to moment on the vigilant maintenance of an armed watch that only the American state can provide.

The principle of universal military obligation is justly derived from the constitution of civil society, without which no human freedom could exist. It is therefore one of the pillars of a free society. But since the enforcement of that obligation perforce limits temporarily the free choice of the citizen, a free state has the right to enforce it only when such enforcement is the sole way to defend the structure of freedom itself—that is, only in circumstances of paramount necessity. I would maintain that this has not been the case either during the long stretches of the cold war or during the limited wars in Korea and Vietnam. Nor have those who have supported the continuation of the draft ever founded their position upon necessity. Rather, they have ignored the necessity of morally justifying the use of the draft, or they have defended it on specious grounds.

Sometimes their defense is on grounds of ideological preference—for example, that military service is good for people *per se*. Such reasons for subjecting free citizens to compulsion are as outrageous as any Liberal ideologist's utilization of state power to force other men to do what he thinks they ought to do. More usually, however, the defense is on economic grounds. We simply cannot afford, this argument runs, the expense of making the armed services an attractive career.

It is hard to get a firm estimate of what the actual additional cost would be to run our present military establishment on a voluntary basis. Whenever the question arises, the bureaucratic supporters of compulsion come up with fantastic figures; but in what was perhaps a moment of unguarded truth recently, the *New York Times* quoted Pentagon sources as saying that the cost would come to something like $6 billion a year. Even if it were twice that, or more, the cost of guaranteeing the freedom of the person, as we wage our wars in these long decades of protracted conflict, should take precedence over the tens of billions we spend on sloppy, politically motivated, and morally corrosive "welfare" at home and abroad.

A free society can of necessity morally demand universal military service of its citizens; but when overriding necessity is not present, conscription is immoral—be the excuse ideology, convenience, or expense.

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Buster Agonistes

HUGH KENNER

On a hot July day in Kansas, 1898, a cyclone plucked the young Joseph Frank Keaton (*aetatis suae iii*) from the window of the second story room where he had been left under sedation, whisked him "high over trees and houses, too amazed to be afraid," then coasted him "down a slow-relaxing ramp of air to land gently in the very center of an empty street" four blocks away. He sat there in his nightgown until rescued; his father offered the rescuer a receipt.

The reason he was under sedation was that a little earlier in the afternoon he had had his temple gashed by a falling rock. He did not see the rock coming because it fell on him through the branches of a peach tree. It had arrived at the point in space above the tree, from which point it fell, because the young Keaton had thrown it vertically to dislodge a peach, the descent of which he was awaiting with outstretched hand when the rock, retracing its trajectory, cut his head open.

In 1926 the less young Keaton, better known as Buster, epitomized his want of ballistic intuition by firing a cannon straight upward. Handcranked movie cameras recorded the result, which this time was not the lapidation of the launcher, by misadventure, but the annihilation of a nearby dam, by the shell, and of numerous Union cavalry, by floodwater. The ultimate course of the Civil War was not altered, but at the end of *The General* Buster got The Girl.

A year later, as *Steamboat Bill Jr.*, he was visited in his hospital bed by a cyclone, which whisked the hospital up from around him and whirled the bed down empty dusty streets, then through a livery stable past nonchalant beasts, and later plucked up into and through the air a tree round which, for security, he had locked his arms and legs. At the fadeout he had The Girl, thanks to an intricate logic the cyclone ministered to.

Gag after gag in the films, sequence after sequence, was transposed in this way from the life, to the hysterical delight of audiences who marveled that the human brain could conceive such goings-on. The life, for long stretches, was doom-ridden, as though its protagonist were trapped inside a movie, the most

fatalistic of forms (project the film as often as you like; nothing will change; not a falling leaf will fall otherwise). He even made a movie (*Sherlock Jr.*, 1924) about a man who steps through the screen and gets caught in a movie, "suddenly involved in the cutting from scene to scene of a plot he does not yet understand."

Mr. Blesh's book, a twelve-year labor of love, transcribes with such care and zest from both life and films that we can almost understand how the films achieved their strange quality, the masterpieces of an art about which we know almost as little as we do about the theater of the Elizabethans. The aging Buster, luckily, had nearly total recall, and Mr. Blesh evidently both enjoyed his confidences and asked the right questions.

Amid improvised sets on little patches of California real estate, the movies in the decade before they became an industry evolved a poetic of motion as coherent as the Renaissance poetic of words or the Impressionist poetic of color. Constantly hampered by the traditions of the theater, and by the desire to be respectable which cripples so much fledgling art, they turned out hundreds of execrable "dramas" amid the films still worth seeing, the films which exploit the realization that kinetic man is ineluctably comic.

And Buster's subject was kinetic man, a being he approached with the almost metaphysical awe we reserve for a *Doppelgänger;* this being was, eerily, himself, played by himself, then later, in the projection room, watched by himself: an experience never possible to any generation of actors in the previous history of the world. And his father in more than one film *was* his father, Joe Keaton, the old vaudevillean whose "hitch-kicks" went so high that his proud widow never washed off the marks ten feet up the breakfast room wall. ("See that? He was seventy-five years old when he put those there, just to limber up.") And the bride he plucked off the ledge near the waterfall in a miraculous swinging leap (*Our Hospitality,* 1923) was indeed his bride of two years, Natalie Talmadge Keaton, between whose life and his own he already felt sundering forces as implacable as tons of descending water. It was both high art and complex autotherapy.

And when (thanks to MGM) he could no longer make such films, he collapsed. To the parvenu moguls he was a (doubtless talented) employee, to be subjected to "story conferences" and even (on the principle that funny plus funny equals twice as funny) required to play opposite Jimmy Durante: which was like commissioning a mural by El Greco and Herblock, the two to work from opposite ends of the wall. Buster took to drink, and stepped into a sanitarium interlude that might have been scripted by Celine: kidnapings, druggings,

Keaton, by Rudi Blesh. Macmillan, $8.95

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beatings, a farcical civil "marriage" to a rapacious nurse, detention in a succession of quick-cure *bolgias*.

His escape from the last of these spin-driers was Keatonian. He woke up in the dark, strait-jacketed, and availed himself of a sure method of escaping from a strait-jacket. He had learned it thirty years before, when he was eight years old, from Harry Houdini. He then slid down a four-story drainpipe, climbed a wall, and on a rainy street in his nightshirt, hailed a taxi. He had lost The Girl, and for good; she had changed the very names of their children. The ravaged face familiar to television viewers was lined in those years.

Almost his last starring film (1965) was an X-ray view of his art, scripted by a man whose own art owes an incalculable debt to the Keaton films he saw in his college days in the Twenties: a short film about a man whose face, till the end, we do not see. Down a narrow street "he storms along, in comic foundered precipitancy," up a stairway, into a tiny room, all the time avoiding the gaze both of the passers-by and of the camera. (And since the camera sees for us, it is ourselves.)

Once in the room, he methodically empties it of eyes: the dog's, the cat's, the parrot's, even the goldfish's: frenzied comic business subserving an obsession. A great pictured Eye of God is ripped in four; photographs of himself, from babyhood on, are scrutinized and destroyed one by one. Then he dozes off, and the camera circles round to gaze into his face; and he awakens to gaze in horror into the face of the camera. And the two faces are identical: his face is our own.

Buster's pictures are about us, who share his world; and he made them so that we might see his agile double but not see *him*. The author of this film (called *Film*), which has been shown but not circulated, was Samuel Beckett. Buster played it but didn't dig it. He wondered aloud, on the set, why the camera crew was so preoccupied with the back of his head.

Fiction

The Strength of the Name

GUY DAVENPORT

THE FARE BEFORE US, to be plain about it, is the first (and last) novel by Joan Baez's brother-in-law, whose non-literary hobbies included the Irish Republican Army, Fidel Castro, and—lethally—the motorcycle; the twentieth or so novel by the tired old work horse of Italian realism, Alberto Moravia; and a group of short stories by the Austrian Robert Musil, who, practically anywhere else in his work, wrote better. That is, our authors proved their mettle in other ventures, and their publishers are risking these offerings to a vacationing public on what used to be called politely "the strength of the name."

Mr. Fariña (we are urged to believe by his publishers) might have qualified as one of the higher epigonic masters of The School of Cool except the breed is so uniform in its sameness that, as with their chicks, the square eye cannot tell one from another. In the farced and drawn-out anecdote that he has jollied into novel length, we meet one Gnossos Pappadopoulis, undergraduate at Cornell, jerk, and narcotics addict. That his heart is golden and his spirit loftier than yours or mine is assumed, of course; we are simply asked to observe the style with which he parlays his cool through the plot. All the scenes worth making are here: the destruction of private property, theft, overthrowing a campus, Cuba, the narcoses fashionable at the time of composition (pre-LSD), and so on: the full list is too boring for a summer evening's typing.

The campus narcotics addict, non-student university subverter, professional jerk, free-speech demander, and other whiteners of deans' hair—Mr. Fariña's protagonist dabbles in all the ploys—is an interesting spawn of the Great Society, and the Ph.Ds and circulation engineers of magazines do well to boost his ephemerid glory. His (and her) presence in the university is one of the strangest conundrums of a strange time. How could one have explained it to Louis Agassiz, Andrew White, and Ezra Cornell (that unrepeated conjunction of unlimited brains, know-how, and money) when they met in Ithaca just after the Civil War and thought that there was nothing but a shortage of available professors to limber the verve with which they excogitated a university? The Old Crow would have trembled in their glasses if they could have foreseen The Age of the Jerk. But it is here, and Mr. Fariña, however doubtful his contribution to American letters, can show you more than you want to see of the jerk in full career, the get and begetter of chaos.

One thing, by golly, you can say for the present generation of rakehells: however scarlet their sins, they are as willing to mount the dunghill and proclaim them to the world, nothing omitted, as they were to commit them. There is almost something attractive in the symmetry of brass and gall. The rogue novel has a new locale, and when the university has been returned to the serious student, calm scholars will no doubt write lovely histories of the American University in its Libertine Period, and quote copiously from Mr. Fariña's novel.

"Everything a young man does is decorous," Homer has an old man say in the *Iliad*. Mr. Fariña's novel is, after all, exactly what one would expect Mr. Fariña to have written. But how account for a botched novel from Alberto Moravia, who has in twenty years never let a day pass without writing a page of fiction? Is dullness the new Italian *vague*? *The Lie* (an inexplicable translation of the original title, which is *Attention*) is as dull a narrative as has ever been committed to print. ➔

Been Down So Long It Looks Like Up To Me, by Richard Fariña. Random House, $5.95

The Lie, by Alberto Moravia. Farrar, $5.95

Five Women, by Robert Musil. Delacorte, $5

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Here's the plot (if you can believe it): A journalist who does travel articles for a Roman newspaper discovers that he no longer loves his wife. He therefore keeps to his side of their apartment; she, to hers. He decides to keep a diary of his emotions, with a view to writing a novel about all this. He thinks it would be interesting to have an affair with his step-daughter; doesn't; and yet makes imaginary entries in the diary as if he does. Feels guilty. Sees (philosophical illumination) that the part of the diary that isn't fictional is as fictional as the part that is. Sees, further (and forty years after Gide's *Counterfeiters*) that the diary is the novel, just so. It is unnerving to think that anyone but the typesetter and the reviewers have deliberately read this novel all the way through, for it lacks every quality for which we admire novels.

At a refreshingly great distance from Mr. Fariña's St. Vitus Fandango and Signor Moravia's weary annotations of grey lives we can place the accomplished story-telling of Robert Musil. Musil (1880-1942) is best known in the U.S. for his novel of adolescence *Young Törless* (1906) and for his monumental novel *The Man Without Qualities* (1930-1943); that is, when he is known at all, for, like his contemporaries Hesse and Broch, he is just now coming into his own.

The five stories in the present collection are uneven in tone and widely divergent from each other. The first, "Grigia," belongs to a theme that is all but lost in the history of the nineteenth century, Freud's notorious death-wish disguised in a preference for the artificial and remote over the quotidian and normal. As in the second story, "The Lady from Portugal" (where the tone is imitated from the Gothic tales of Gertrud von LeFort), Musil is a careful symbolist and brilliantly clear in his symbols. His symbolic method is usually to combine familiar fairy-tale motifs with modern psychology (Freud or Jung) and thus concoct a story that is extraordinarily suggestive of meanings without disclosing a particular meaning.

"Grigia" and "The Lady from Portugal" are about, we can say, foolhardy love and the grace of God, but like all good stories they live in the mind and grow into infinitely suggestive configurations. "Tonka" is cast as a naturalistic story, as is "The Perfecting of a Love," yet both turn out to be parables. The last story, "The Temptation of Quiet Veronica," happens in a verbal mist, its action dimmed and hinted at. Musil is undoubtedly a writer of the first rank. These stories, however, are the merest taste of his considerable genius, and ought to be read with the understanding that they are exercises, however brilliant, of a man who worked otherwise on a much larger scale. Frank Kermode's introduction to the present volume is a useful commentary on Musil's temperament.

Random Notes

● The Growing Glut: As publishers begin to reveal their fall lists, the brain boggles and the pocketbook squeaks. On the left, we first find what will doubtless be a superseller: Unlucky Pierre's *With Kennedy,* which may fairly be expected to show that any man can be a hero to *this* press secretary (Doubleday, September, $6.95). . . . Over there with it are *The Despised Poor,* Joseph P. Ritz's tale of what he calls "Newburgh's war on welfare" (Beacon, November, $4.95), and *The Poorhouse State,* wherein Richard M. Elman takes welfare to task, it seems, for perpetuating poverty by not giving the poor enough money (Pantheon, November, $5.95). . . . Staughton Lynd and Thomas Hayden, two-thirds of the Red Rover Boys, suggest that we leave Vietnam in *The Other Side,* but where's Herbert? (NAL, October, $4.95). . . . Arnold Toynbee is worried, as usual, about Our Fate. His latest is *Chance and Habit;* the habits turn out to be naughty things like national allegiances and reproduction (Oxford, September, $5.50). . . . Worried too, and perhaps with more justification, is Steve Allen, who describes the plight of the migrant worker in *The Ground Is Our Table* (Doubleday, November, $2.95). . . . And who can wait to read the new book with the nuf-sed title, *Paul Blanshard on Vatican II* (Beacon, October, $5.95)?

● Pleasant Poets are everywhere to be found on the fall lists. Marianne Moore has *Tell Me, Tell Me,* a since-1959 collection (Viking, September, $3.50); Kenneth Patchen takes the Blake approach in *Hallelujah Anyway,* several picture-poem blendings (New Directions, November, $5) and John Ciardi's latest is *The Strangest Everything* (Rutgers, November, $3.75). Just published and not to be overlooked is *The Tin Can and Other Poems,* by William Jay Smith, which includes some translations of Andrei Voznesensky. Smith has also done a play, *The Straw Market,* which premiered at Hollins College in March and just might get to New York next season.

● Need A Laugh? S. J. Perelman returns to the bookstores after a five-year absence, with a batch of short pieces titled *Chicken Inspector No. 23* (Simon and Schuster, September, $4.95), and James lives on in *Thurber and Company,* a posthumous collection of pieces and drawings (Harper, October, $5.95). . . . Walt Kelly's 28th Pogo paperback offers *Latest Poop on the Jack Acid Society;* volume is, by the way, not reprinted from the newspaper strips (Simon and Schuster, November, $1.50). . . . That outrageous pseudocomic which graces the back pages of *Playboy* from time to colorful time is due in book form. Harvey Kurtzman and Will Elder are author and artist of *Little Annie Fanny;* she's got eyeballs, and she isn't the least bit flat-chested (Playboy Press, November, $4.95). . . . Nor is Miss Marple, whom Agatha Christie brings back in a new tale of mayhem *cum* mirth, *At Bertram's Hotel* (Dodd-Mead, September, $4.50).

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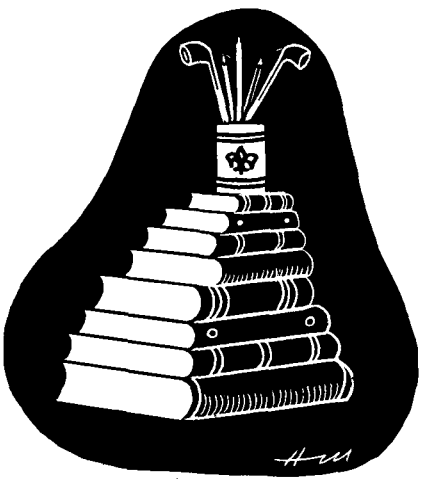
Boswell Without Johnson?

GARRY WILLS

IT WAS IN 1925 that the literary time bombs Boswell left behind him started going off in the trunks, attics, stables and croquet boxes of his descendants' castle in Ireland, and in the home of his executor's descendants in Scotland. (Some earlier letters, passed down by another executor, had been found in Boulogne during the nineteenth century.) Since then new discoveries, new detonations, have surprised the scholarly world and, after the customary lag, delighted the general reading audience. "Dr. Watson's Indiscretions."

And so we had the "trade edition" of Boswell's journals—presently up to its eighth volume. Now, with the letters to John Johnston of Grange another Pegasean freight service heaves itself aloft —the scholarly edition of his papers, which will fill over forty volumes. Simultaneously, across a sky already dark with Boswell books, the first volume of a massive biography lumbers into view. Prompting the questions: Is he worth it? How is Boswell standing up, apart from Johnson?



Discoveries are absorbed into the settled picture; scandal loses its fresh edge of shock; the outlay of time and money comes up against lessening returns. This problem does not arise with Johnson, who is not only a great author and critic, but a great man. To know more about him is to be introduced, unendingly, into deeper knowledge of morality, literature, politics, religion. But Boswell's mind does not enlarge by mere contact. He had a psychological shrewdness almost exactly "programed" for observing his psychological failings—he is both "case" and case historian. He is unquestionably interesting—as intriguing to our age as the candid Cicero of the letters was to men in the Renaissance. His dragonflying back and forth between dignity and buffoonery makes him seem, at times, like a character out of Dostoevsky. But his vivid personality, vividly recorded, does not justify those who think he would hold our interest even if he had not written the *Johnson*. We like the letters of Cicero because of their interplay with the high rhetoric of the orations. Would we be interested in Shakespeare if he had never written poetry? It is an idle speculation.

As Professor Pottle says, Boswell is not a great man apart from his great work—which he takes to be the *Johnson* and the journals. A great work is, by definition, produced by a great artist; and the *Johnson* at least, is a great work of art. Boswell was not a tape-recorder. He had an artist's eye for extracting the significant, not only when he sat down to write but when he midwived the Johnsonian thunder and lightning. It is therefore of the utmost importance to watch his approach to other great men—confessional to Rousseau, debonairly "wicked" to Voltaire, manly and forthright to Corsica's General Paoli. This chameleon adaptability can be made to look sycophantic (as Macaulay proved); but it is more like the tuning of an instrument to the specific demands of each piece of music. He was an exquisite sounding board—and more: he had to strike the sounds out, stage encounters, at times resist—argue with Voltaire about the soul, anger Johnson with terrible persistent questions about death. His art was a unique blend of the actor's and the author's.

In that most theatrical of centuries, he was one of the most theatrical men

James Boswell: The Earlier Years, by Frederick A. Pottle. McGraw-Hill, $12.50

The Correspondence of James Boswell and John Johnston of Grange, edited by Ralph S. Walker. McGraw-Hill, $17.50

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(he showed up at Garrick's Shakespeare Festival in the outfit of a Corsican swashbuckler). He staged his meetings, writing out the dramatic "business" beforehand, and sticking to his own "cues." Indeed, Pottle claims that he could make people say what he wanted to record them as saying. One of the pleasures of his friendship with Johnson must have been the attempt to elicit some opinion or epigram, only to find all his expectations topped. With other men, he tired of his art—which, like all art, took great energy. Only with Johnson was the result invariably worth the effort.

POTTLE AND WALKER move, then, toward the thing that justified all this preliminary intensity of study, the *Johnson*. The series Walker inaugurates will contain an edition of the great biography arranged in all its drafts and stages. This first volume of letters is written to a college friend and fellow "Antiquarian" (hypochondriac). In the letters, Boswell seeks to capture each moment (which he has not fully lived until it passes into savoring retrospect) as part of an attempt to capture his own quicksilvery character. He wrote not only to observe himself, but also to *have* a self. The self-creation which leads to the invention of the Boswell in his *Johnson* has already begun.

Professor Pottle is the top man on the pyramid of busy Boswellians, and his large book, long gestated, has all the learning one expects from him (despite ill-rendered Latin on p. 401). More important, the book is twice as deft as we had any right to expect. It takes unintermitted tact to tell Boswell's story in such detail, yet never compete with his own record, nor ever belittle it. We are brought down to his twenty-ninth year, to the marriage defiantly arranged to coincide with his father's remarriage (he wrote a furious fictional account of a villainous father's remarriage and the grief it brought a dutiful son). Boswell sought a surrogate father in Johnson; but the doctor would not play that game. When Boswell said he might lack a delicate sympathy for the plight of others, Johnson told him: "Why, learn then by keeping good company, and read melancholy stories as how a man's father married again, and how he was driven into foreign parts with his wife. Ha! Ha! Ha!"

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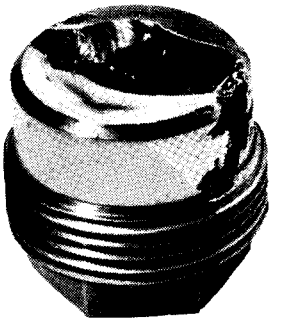

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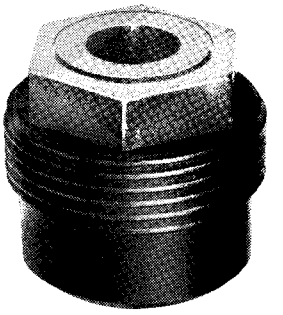

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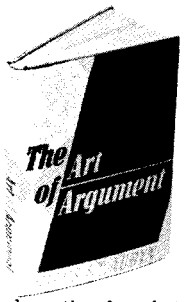

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The Essence and the Tactics

WALTER DARNELL JACOBS

EXCEPT FOR GUS HALL, Henry Winston, and "people like them," just about everybody should welcome the appearance of this scholarly, perceptive and timely description of what front organizations are up to these days. Hall and all won't like it because Atkinson provides an apodictic analysis of the tactic that is the current favorite of the CPUSA. Both the 1966 Draft Program and speakers at the recent Congress of the CPUSA have called for "the democratic organization of the people on a myriad of issues, in a variety of forms, and on a scale never attained before." This is a clear plea for the revival and revivification of the popular front, the united front, and the plain old front.

Anyone who understands the organization and motivation behind the various front tactics is not likely to be taken in again—as many were in the Thirties when the rallying cry was the fight against Hitler and fascism. This is the problem Atkinson considers. He discusses, as an example of front tactics, the organization, operation, and ultimate Communist control of the World Federation of Teachers' Unions (FISE). The lessons to be learned are not startlingly new. By some rule of politics, however, these lessons—like freedom and existence—must be learned anew each day.

The Politics of Struggle: The Communist Front and Political Warfare, by James D. Atkinson. Regnery, $6.50

Atkinson's detailed study of the Communist utilization of FISE is particularly pertinent at this time because of the belief among many intellectuals in the West that the insurgency ploy is the only arrow in the Communists' quiver. This apodiabolosis of insurgency ignores the basis of Leninism, Stalinism, Khrushchevism, Maoism, Castroism, Titoism, and Brezhnevism—the ability to make an estimate of the situation, to judge the correlation of forces, and then to suit the available resources and means to the end sought.

Lenin said it many years ago in *Left-Wing Communism:* "It is our duty as Communists to master all forms, to learn how to supplement with the maximum rapidity one form with another, to substitute one for another, and to adapt our tactics to every change that is called forth by something other than our class, or our efforts." It is now becoming clear that the answer to the insurgency riddle is at hand. The Communists can be defeated in this sort of activity if the West applies the necessary will to the problem.

This does not mean, as Atkinson patiently and presciently explains, that Moscow and Peking are about to throw up their hands in frustration. They are much more apt to act like Communists and to substitute one form for another, adapting their tactics to a changed situation. The entire range of psycho-political warfare is open to them. They will certainly attempt to exploit existing opportunities and to create new ones.

Atkinson, as president of the American Military Institute and one of the most astute and thorough analysts of Communist methods of psycho-political warfare, has previously (in *The Edge of War*) provided a lucid examination of Marxist-Leninist thought on irregular warfare. His contribution to our recognition of the dangers of that sort of Communist practice is now brilliantly supplemented by an attempt to help us understand another, continuing threat—the exploitation of internal Western weaknesses by a variety of devices.

The lesson of insurgency is being learned at great cost in blood and treasure. The lesson of the front group and related psycho-political tactics can also be learned. The learning of it has already required a rather large investment. To limit the size of the future investment, Atkinson makes available information and insights which will help to put Fair Play for Cuba types, "ban the bomb" marchers, and pull-out-of-Vietnam demonstrators in a more nearly proper perspective.

The weakness, the exploitability of the West is not so much in the fact that it does have fissures and faults as it is in the fact that some on our side suppose that the ideal way to resist the psycho-political offensives

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of the other side is to concentrate on what is tactical rather than what is of the essence. A reading of Atkinson will help such persons to distinguish the two. In order to understand and preserve the essence, it is, of course, necessary to understand the tactics by which the Communists plan to exploit our weaknesses. Atkinson is a reliable and scrupulous guide both in identifying the essence and in exposing the tactics.

Movies

The Reign in Spain

FRANCIS RUSSELL

THERE ARE CERTAIN Liberal dogmas, such as the innocence of Sacco and Vanzetti or Alger Hiss, that for one even to examine has come to seem a kind of intellectual and moral treason. Such is the myth of Republican Spain: a hopeful, legally elected reform government brought down by its Fascist enemies with foreign assistance. Young men I knew, my contemporaries of the Thirties, had died for that particular shibboleth. This fixed attitude, to one like myself who has remained emotionally uncommitted to either side, is a puzzling one. Recently I happened to be discussing the Sacco-Vanzetti case with an acquaintance, a young woman now a history instructor at a state university. "Sacco and Vanzetti were innocent," she told me challengingly. In turn I told her that I had once shared her opinion and had started writing a book to prove it, but awkward and incontrovertible facts had made me change my mind. "Have you read my book?" I asked her finally. "No," she said, "but they *had* to be innocent." So intimately had the belief become part of her emotional being that to question it would have been to doubt her own integrity.

I am enough of a lower-case liberal to believe that facts are worthy of being examined without preconceptions, whether the cause is that of Sacco and Vanzetti or of Republican Spain. Sacco and Vanzetti do not *have* to be innocent any more than the Spanish Loyalists *have* to be agrarian reformers. I do not happen to care much for General Franco's personality. In his hour of victory he might have shown himself more magnanimous. Yet, if he had lost; what then? The vision of a Spain flourishing idyllically under a mild Hispanic version of an Attlee government may be a touching picture. But what really would have happened would have been a year or so of Popular Front government with a small representation of Communists. The Communist minority, however, would have the Ministry of the Interior. Then would have come the sudden coup on the Czechoslovakian model and the merciless, imposed rigidity of another neo-Stalinist state.

Franco's reprisals would have seemed petty compared to the purges

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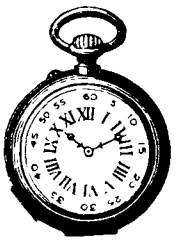

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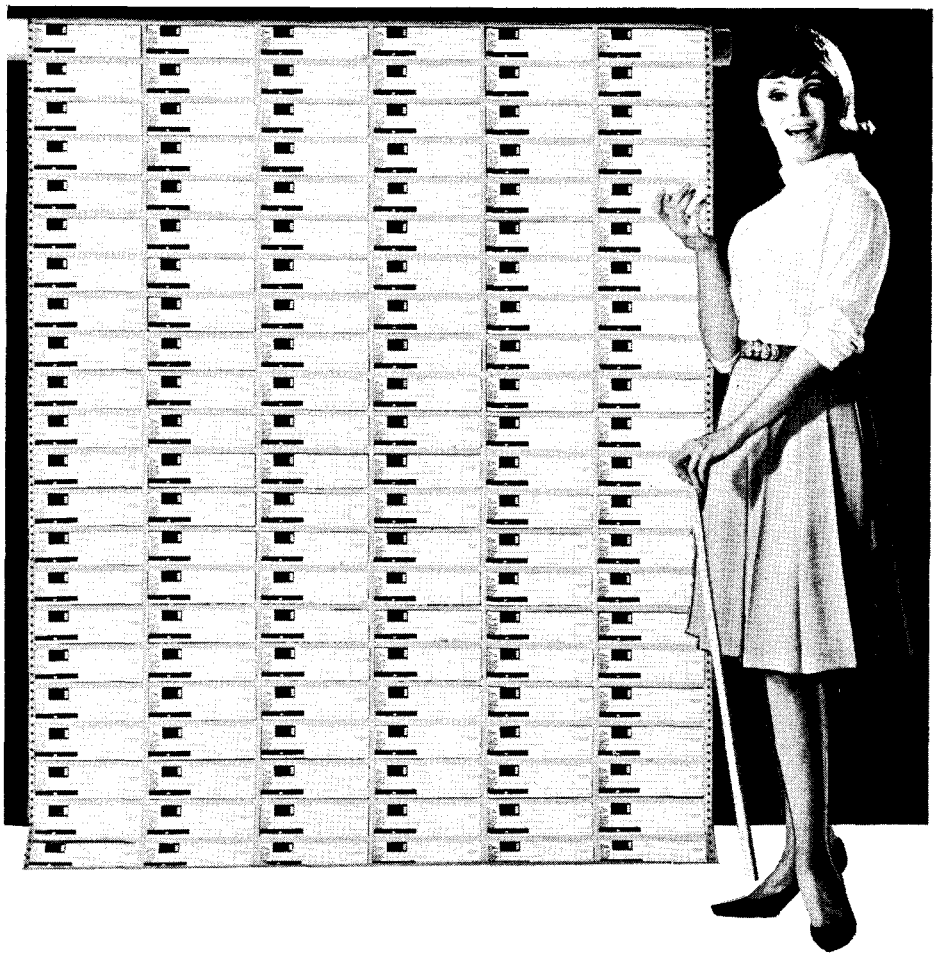

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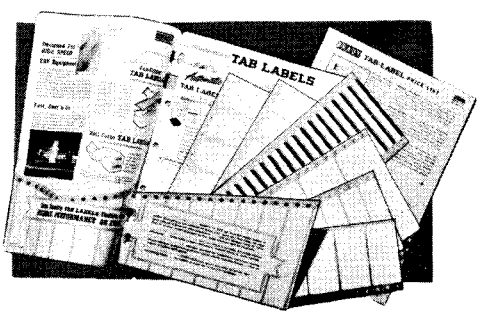

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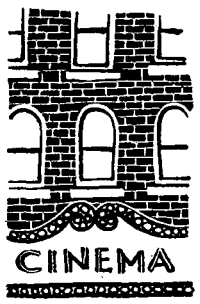
that would then have taken place. When one looks at the alternative one can only conclude that it was better that Franco won. I felt that way during the Spanish Civil War. I feel that way now. Of course in the various films about the Spanish war it is a simple matter of the goods and the bads, and that is true of the current *To Die in Madrid*, much the best of the lot. It is made up of newsreels, mostly from Loyalist sources, but it at least shows at the beginning some of the Left's excesses that helped touch off the war, the burning of churches and the ghoulish breaking open of graves and coffins. In the background the Spanish landscape is still moving in its austere intensity, and the film's music by Maurice Jarre strikes a more appropriate note than the high-pitched commentary recited principally by Sir John Gielgud.



It is curious in the scenes of wartime Madrid or Barcelona to observe the massed crowds, the sea of Communist clenched fists, then after Franco's victory the same apparent crowds in the same places with this time the hands raised in the Fascist salute. In a sense the alternations belie the claims of both sides. The fact is that hands are clenched or raised, just as at times they are held up, as a gesture of self-preservation. I remember all those hands raised to greet Hitler at the Nuremberg rallies, and then after the war my vain efforts to get anyone to admit he had ever been a Nazi at all. As a matter of fact, whatever happened to Shostakovitch's *Ode to the Great Stalin* that I once heard performed over the air?

What one can say about *To Die in Madrid* is brief. It is more subtle than its predecessors, hence more effective, but the picture given is scarcely more true than the Reginald Rose television drama of Sacco and Vanzetti. A still of Unamuno is shown, and Sir John's voice, rising in indignation, tells of the dramatic moment when the great philosopher confronted and denounced the nationalist General Millán Astray in the ceremonial hall of the University of Salamanca. Neglected is the awkward fact that Spain's greatest intel-

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lectual came out against the government at the beginning of the rebellion. The assassination of the Monarchist leader Calvo Sotelo just before the outbreak of the war is mentioned—he is called a Fascist—but not that after his speech in the Cortes the Communist woman deputy known as La Pasionaria shouted at him: "You have made your last speech!", nor that he was taken from his home by the government's uniformed police and shot in an official government car. Naturally, much is made of the International Brigades, but nothing is said of the way the non-Communists were brought to heel by such brutal executioners as Carlos Contreras (Vittorio Vidale) of the Fifth Regiment.

So, through manipulation and astute commentary, the myth is reinforced. Just after World War II, I spent a summer in Spain before the tourist influx started. Traces of the war were everywhere. I traveled third class in packed compartments of night trains, I lived in obscure pensions and cheap hotels. Spain was restrictive in the absurdities of currency regulations and filling out triplicos with one's mother's birth date every time one stayed anywhere overnight. But, for all that, the atmosphere was, in comparison with East Germany and even Poland (where I traveled last autumn), free. People talked to me volubly in trains and public places. I remember in Madrid I met a young American woman married to a Spaniard who eight years before had fought against Franco. Yet he then had a position that allowed him to work according to his talents and live in an upper-class apartment. I could scarcely imagine a White Russian going about his affairs after the October Revolution or a Mihailovich supporter being received back by Tito. I didn't leave Spain a Franco enthusiast, but I did feel that under the grim circumstances he has probably the best solution. Certainly everyone then preferred him to more war.

Therefore I regret that those of a

The Magic of Mind

WERE the great personages of the past victims of a stupendous hoax? Could such eminent men of the ancient world as Socrates, Pericles, and Alexander the Great have been deluded and cast under the spell of witchcraft—or did the oracles whom they consulted actually possess *a mysterious faculty of foresight?* That *the human mind can truly exert an influence over things and conditions* was not a credulous belief of the ancients, but a known and demonstrable fact to them. That there exists a wealth of infinite knowledge just beyond the border of our daily thoughts, which can be aroused and commanded at will, was not a fantasy of these sages of antiquity, but a dependable aid to which they turned in time of need.

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new generation who know nothing about Spain may have their image formed by a slanted documentary like *To Die in Madrid*. Yet for all the selection and the commentaries, the soldiers themselves are the effective realities. For example, in the Thirties propaganda painted the Carlist *requetés* as the cretins of Spain. The news clips show them undistinguishable from their republican enemies. And that is what Hardy called "the pity of it." By the politics of outsiders, the young men who might have been friends kill each other off; the ultimate senselessness of all wars. I, who was partly educated in Germany, knew it all too well when I was sent against those who might earlier have sat on the university benches next to me. As Hardy wrote in his poem, *The Man I Killed:*

Yes, quaint and curious war is.
You shoot a fellow down
You'd stand a drink where any bar is
Or treat to half a crown.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

IF ALL THE REBELS DIE, by Samuel B. Southwell (Doubleday, $5.95). This book lacks some of the dimensions of a novel, but makes up for those deficiencies by its intellectual and moral qualities; perhaps it is best taken as a science fiction "extrapolation." The premise is a nuclear exchange between the Soviet Union and the United States, assumed to have occurred just before the story begins. The United States Government has capitulated: later we learn that the surrender was not the result of the devastation brought by the bomb—which, though enormous, was at least equalled in the Soviet Union—but of a failure of nerve. A Communist occupation force moves in. The book's primary scene is Travam, a medium-size Texas city outside the nuclear target zones, and in particular the local campus of "the university." The problem is what response to make to the slowly tightening occupation. The action differentiates the possible responses —welcome, servility, collaboration, indifference, non-cooperation, active resistance—and explores their motivations. Mr. Southwell not only confronts issues that have become familiar—for example, the moral dilemmas of conspiratorial resistance and "using the enemy's methods"—but raises the profoundly disturbing question: Is the American ethos equipped to deal with such an enterprise as Communism? *If All the Rebels Die* poses this question with entire generality: the extrapolation of a Communist force literally in occupation can be understood merely as a symbol of Communism as actually present, in idea, influence and threat, among us. For his question Mr. Southwell does not offer an answer. J. BURNHAM

THE COMMUNIST CONTROVERSY IN WASHINGTON, From the New Deal to McCarthy, by Earl Latham (Harvard, $7.95). Writing with sardonic wit and urbanity, Professor Latham separates the Communist *problem* (there was infiltration of government) from the Communist *issue* (the partisan uproar in political and intellectual circles, particularly during the McCarthy period). His barbs lodge impartially in the hides of "orthodox" Liberals and "orthodox" conservatives. He restricts himself to the civilian agencies of the Federal Government and sets forth the familiar public record dispassionately, blinking no conclusions but equally refusing to draw even the most obvious inference. A brilliant political scientist, he is at his best in his analysis of the role and function of the three branches of the American system and the use by Congress of "prescriptive publicity" (similar to Greek ostracism and incidentally, he points out, first used by the Liberals in the Thirties). His attempt to fit McCarthy into the rhythm he discerns in American politics (periodic change forced by accumulating grievances against the "ins," since people generally vote "against," not "for") has strong points, but a few dubious economic and historical underpinnings. At any rate, he sees McCarthy as a catalyst for precipitating a change long held in suspension by the third term and the war; the stress once relieved, neither McCarthy nor the Communist issue was relevant to the new situation. Despite his brilliance, and just because he is a trained American political scientist, his incomprehension of a politics based on ideology is nearly total. He can assess Americans in interaction with Communism, but for all his prodigious labor he cannot assess American Communists or international Communism.

E. MERRITT

GOLD AND WORLD POWER: *The Dollar, the Pound, and the Plans for Reform*, by Sidney E. Rolfe (Harper, $6.95). I would recommend only to the aficionado this useful but oh-so-dull description of the present international monetary set-up and how it derives from the Bretton Woods parley of 1944. Mr. Rolfe should be hailed for his revelatory critique of the International Monetary Fund and for his discussion of the impact of U.S. foreign aid on the U.S. balance of payments. He should be marked down for his consistent failure to solve the "180-degree ambiguity problem" of monetary calculation —i.e., if a price goes up, is it because the money is getting cheaper or the thing priced is getting scarcer? To wit: if a "country's conformity to world economic development" is somewhat lacking, *why* assume immediately that the country is wrong and the world right? Suppose, in an age of inflation, the country insists on a sound currency? Mr. Rolfe's recommendations, translated into English, boil down to our all inflating together. To read and rebut his steadfast arguments is a good exercise for the anti-inflationist mind. W. F. RICKENBACKER

SOLUTION TO LAST ISSUE'S TRANS-O-GRAM (JULY 26)

A. Conan Doyle, Preface, THE CASE BOOK (of Sherlock Holmes):

One likes to think that there is some fantastic limbo for the children of imagination . . . Perhaps *in some humble corner of such a* Valhalla, Sherlock and his Watson may for a time find a place, which some more astute sleuth with some even less astute comrade may fill the stage which they have vacated.

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TRANS-O-GRAM

by Svend Petersen

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Any rude temporary shelter or hut	149 135 40 123 160 12 36
B. Any property that may be left to others by will	7 150 53 110 50 139 121 91 97 125 2 156
C. An Eskimo house	9 118 23 96 184
D. A habitation	25 32 73 54 104 107 83 3
E. European country occupied by a high type of people	39 152 105 157 179 15 111 182 100 143 55
F. Surroundings	44 116 21 4 34 72 136 56
G. Last night after supper (poetic)	64 85 113 6 68 155 181 165
H. Produces a copy of	77 43 84 8 47
I. Building beyond a farm residence	86 24 173 168 82 33 176 57
J. A type of candy	93 61 51 101 148
K. To habituate	114 112 146 16 79 161
L. Means of escape	140 94 22 74 106 35 62 69
M. American astronomer (1732-1796)	172 26 115 169 37 10 174 122 1 183 89

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
N. Redactor	175 11 99 120 27 75
O. The **Gloria in Excelsis** or the **Gloria Patri**	92 76 45 129 63 145 131 162
P. Wandering	98 102 128 17 133 117 159
Q. Where prairie dogs live	154 166 18 141 38 137 78
R. Conveyed outward, as a nerve impulse	158 108 127 124 19 142 58 80
S. A Syrian port	5 70 59 153 138 41 163
T. Type of footstool	52 42 134 65 178 147 28
U. Trousers	126 177 66 164 13
V. The mother city	130 20 14 180 103 87 171 151 46 71
W. Congress on which Truman vomited his venom	132 60 167 30 48 109 67 144 119
X. New York Giants' World's Series pitcher, 1921-1924	185 31 90 170
Y. Purposive	29 49 88 81 95

See page 796 for solution of last Trans-O-Gram.

					1 M	2 B	3 D	4 F	5 S		6 G	7 B	8 H		9 C	10 M	11 N	
12 A	13 U	14 V	15 E	16 K	17 P	18 Q		19 R	20 V	21 F	22 L	23 C	24 I	25 D	26 M	27 N	28 T	
	29 Y	30 W	31 X		32 D	33 I	34 F	35 L	36 A	37 M	38 Q	39 E		40 A	41 S	42 T	43 H	
	44 F	45 O	46 V	47 H	48 W	49 Y	50 B		51 J	52 T	53 B		54 D	55 E	56 F	57 I	58 R	
59 S	60 W	61 J	62 L	63 O	64 G		65 T	66 U	67 W		68 G	69 L	70 S	71 V	72 F	73 D		
74 L	75 N	76 O	77 H	78 Q	79 K	80 R	81 Y	82 I	83 D		84 H	85 G	86 I	87 V	88 Y	89 M		
90 X	91 B	92 O		93 J	94 L		95 Y	96 C	97 B	98 P		99 N	100E		101J	102P	103V	
104D		105E	106L	107D		108R	109W	110B	111E	112K	113G		114K	115M		116F	117P	
118C	119W	120N		121B	122M		123A	124R	125B	126U		127R	128P	129Q	130V		131Q	
132W	133P	134T	135A	136F	137Q		138S	139B	140L	141Q	142R	143E		144W	145Q	146K	147T	
148J		149A	150B		151V	152E	153S	154Q	155G		156B	157E	158R		159P	160A	161K	
162Q		163S	164U		165G	166Q	167W	168I	169M		170X	171V	172M		173I	174M	175N	
	176I	177U	178T	179E		180V	181G	182E	183M	184C	185X							

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the WORDS (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, blank boxes indicating the end of a word); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

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THEOLOGY I

(Continued from p. 771)

longer asks the question about meaning, nor can he understand it when it is asked. Therefore, by the "meaning" formula I have described, it must be said that God is "dead," that He has ceased to "be." At one time, God was "alive," because He had meaning and relevance in a fundamental sense; now, with His meaning and relevance fundamentally gone, it must be said that God is "dead."

Such is the meaning of the "death of God" gospel. There is no agreement among the "death of God" people as to just when God and faith in God first lost their meaning and relevance, that is, when God "died." And there is great difference, too, as to what conclusions to draw. The classical response to fundamental loss of meaning is despair, radical despair. But, such is the residual strength of our American pietistic, evangelical tradition, that, in some cases, it has exorcised away the existential despair, and replaced it by a happy-happy Jesus cult. Jesus, torn out of the Trinity, of course, becomes the object of a sentimental cult as a kind of exemplary Superman. H. Richard Niebuhr, who saw this trend emerging many years ago, called it a "unitarianism of the Second Person"—that is, a unitarianism of Christ, which breaks the Trinity just as surely as does the more conventional unitarianism of the First Person. It is worthwhile to note this, but it is not serious enough to merit extended discussion.

The collapse of ultimate meaning in the modern world, at least in the modern Western world, has been a recurrent theme in the philosophy and theology of recent decades. The documentation of the American "death of God" writers is generally shallow, scrappy and journalistic. Here, again, we must try to do better by them than they seem to be doing by themselves, if we are to understand whatever is worth understanding in their thinking. In the next article of this series, I will try to present some aspects of modern thinking about man and the world that enter directly into the formation of the "death of God" theology.

BERRYVILLE

(Continued from p. 783)

ing on Boothe and Spong, said at the beginning of the campaign. "They weren't asked to run. I am against them because they have committed a *faux pas*." Honesty dies hard in Virginia, but the Old Dominion has entered the age of the image and the city and the voting bloc. Those Virginians who have lived in a state that has been true to its own system for the better part of this century lament the end of a way of life that is passing away with the old senator at Berryville.

BAGHDAD

(Continued from p. 784)

to irrigate the surrounding countryside and avert the very real danger of serious flooding. The Tigris had become a sluggish trickle. The picturesque side streets were being torn apart; woodwork was yielding to cement; new tall buildings climbed out of the rubble; the Turkish houses, with their balconies, their courtyards and their fountains were in disrepair. The old skyline vanished. I have known no place to change its character so completely in so short a time.

In twenty years' time, if political stability returns, no doubt in a brand new air-conditioned city, Europeans and Americans will conduct their various duties with Iraqis in congenial amity. The Iraqis are a delightful people, with a deep sense of dignity and hospitality, of inherited immemorial good manners. Westerners should enjoy their sojourn there. But I venture to prophesy that they will wonder sometimes why for forty years this city should have appealed so strongly to so many Britons. Sleeping in their cool bedrooms, they will never know that at four in the morning a breeze blows off the river.

LETTERS

(Continued from p. 753)

sus Bureau's questioning procedures and b) condoning HUAC's efforts to secure contempt of Congress charges [June 28]. I understand the necessity of Congress' traditional privilege to conduct investigations as a method of informing itself. But, isn't federal snooping an invasion of privacy whether performed by a congressional committee or an arm of the Executive Department?

Nashville, Tenn. JAMES C. MABRY

No one to the windward side of anarchy denies the Government its right to inform itself through the process of investigating and requiring cooperation. This right is tempered, however, by the Fourth Amendment, which protects the citizen against unreasonable *search.* NATIONAL REVIEW *finds no difficulty in maintaining that it is reasonable for the Government to investigate the activities of a hostile and subversive enemy, and unreasonable to investigate the beds and bathtubs of a law-abiding family.* —ED.

'Dominica'

NR and others have been guilty of referring to the Dominican Republic sometimes as "Dominica." I have just learned that Dominica (pronounced Dom'inica) is an island in itself just south of Guadalupe, north of Martinique.

The home of Rose's lime juice, without which the British sailors would never have been called "limeys," it also has lots of bananas and boa constrictors.

Therefore I shall trust in the future D.R. will not be confused with Dom'inica, a much more peaceful spot despite the boas.

Barbados, BWI JOAN DIBORETO

NATIONAL REVIEW Magazine and Bulletin

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For The Record

Voices of Moderation: New Republic's TRB came up with this exclusive insight on Ronald Reagan July 1. "[Reagan] is anti-labor, anti-Negro, anti-intellectual, anti-planning, anti-20th Century." . . . Negro leaders in California reportedly furious that Gov. Pat Brown signed into law new legislation making "incitement to riot" a misdemeanor. . . . AFL-CIO has singled out for defeat this year eight Republican senators who helped Everett Dirksen kill repeal of 14(b). They are: Gordon Allott, Carl Curtis, Len Jordan, Jack Miller, Karl Mundt, James Pearson, Strom Thurmond and John Tower. . . . Republicans wonder whether appointment of Liberal Don Kendall as administrative assistant to Ray Bliss means Bliss intends to abandon his middle-of-the-road stance. . . . Goldwater certain GOP conservatives will control the 1968 convention because "the vociferous . . . pestiferous little minority of Liberals we have in the Republican Party aren't going anywhere."

Unpublicized: March by Negro high school student Willie Hunter from South Carolina border to Washington to demonstrate his support for Pres. Johnson's Vietnam stand. . . . Sen. Douglas not budging from Hard stance on Vietnam despite growing pressures from Liberal associates; possibility he may be mortally wounded in senatorial battle against Doveish Chuck Percy. . . . Peace candidacy of Communist Herbert Aptheker for Congress backed in large National Guardian ad by pacifist A. J. Muste, who identifies himself as "one who ordinarily keeps aloof from electoral campaigns." . . . Ronald Ramsay, the U.S. psychologist-defector who recently broadcast to U.S. troops in Vietnam over Radio Hanoi as "Granny Goose" last week phoned the AP in Vienna, from Bulgarian Black Sea resort, to report he feared he would be arrested. (Ramsay has already spent some time in an Algerian jail.) . . . Robert Williams, ace announcer of Fidel Castro's Radio Free Dixie (which calls for black revolution in the U.S.) now in Peking, presumably to stoke anti-Americanism there.

New laws in the works: Rep. John Ashbrook (R.,O.), in outgrowth of recent HUAC hearings, has introduced legislation to curb "organizational conspiracies which engage in terrorist activities in the U.S." such as the Ku Klux Klan. . . . Thomas Curtis (R.,Mo.) wants a Senate-House committee to investigate entire field of industrywide and regional bargaining practices as result of inconveniences of airline strike.

Beaton-Toronto Telegram — Ben Roth Agency

"Come out, come out . . . wherever you are. . . ."

. . . Bruce Alger, the lone Republican congressman from the Lone Star state until '64, now in real estate business in Boca Raton, Florida. . . . The only ex-Democratic congressman in this year's race (nineteen former GOP representatives are running) is Charles (I Used to Love Fidel) Porter of Oregon. He's standing for seat Congressman Robert Duncan is vacating in his senatorial race against Mark Hatfield.

Dilemma Dept.: Red China has declared Mr. G.J. Jongejans, the Dutch chargé d'affaires, persona non grata-and has simultaneously refused him permission to leave the country (see page 756).

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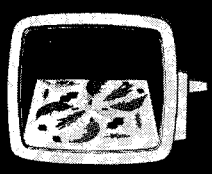

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Musical TV Nite Lite

Lullaby land beckons with Musical TV Nite Lite. Colorful pictures move across screen as genuine Swiss musical instrument plays. Pink or blue plastic. Self display carton. Listed by Underwriters' Laboratories.

THE OHIO ART COMPANY Bryan, Ohio, New York Office: Suite 628, 200 Fifth Ave., Phone: (212) 242-6656

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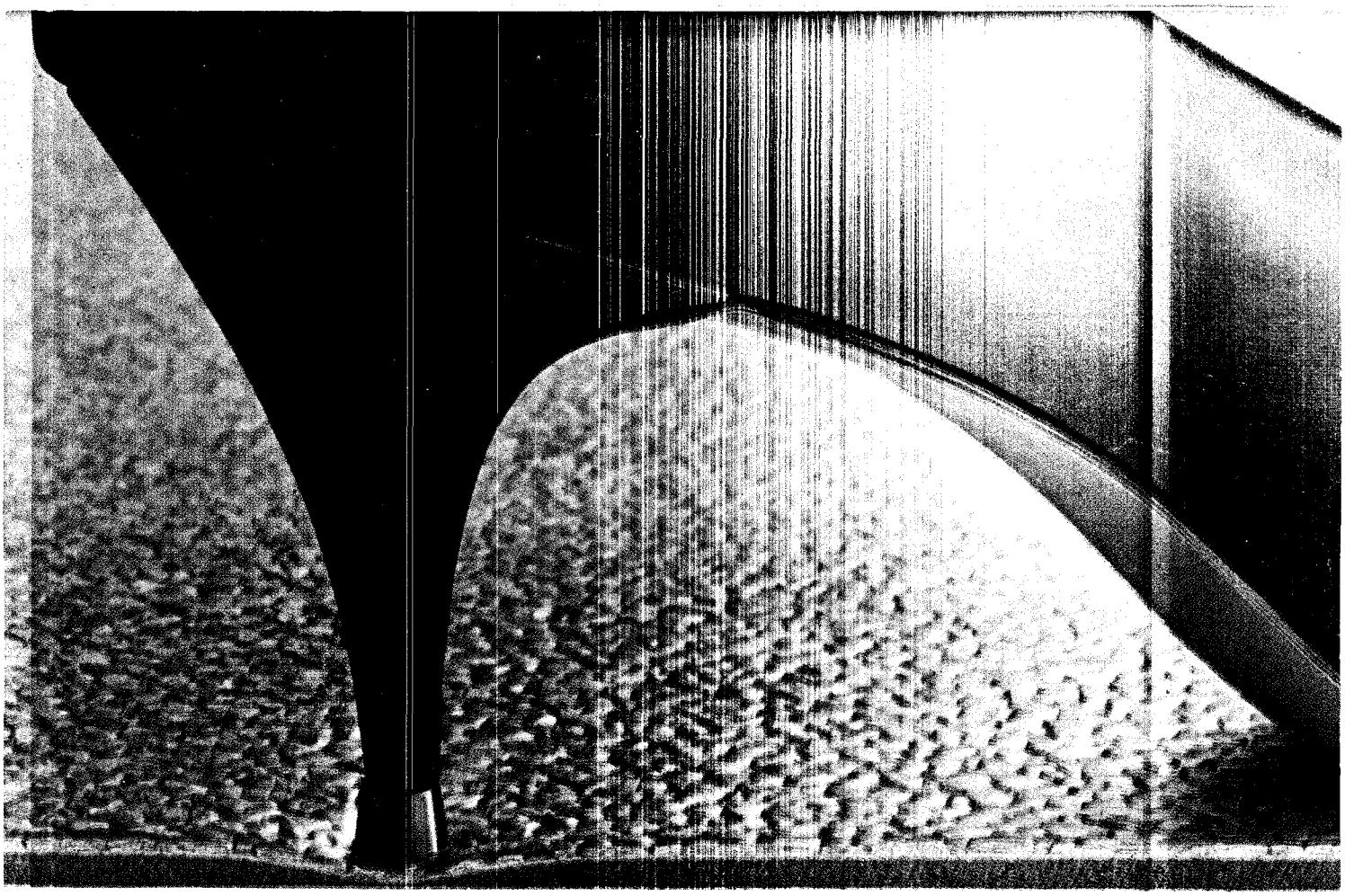


Cambrian style 80003. Cross section enlarged. Cambrian and Corlon® are trademarks of Armstrong Cork Co.

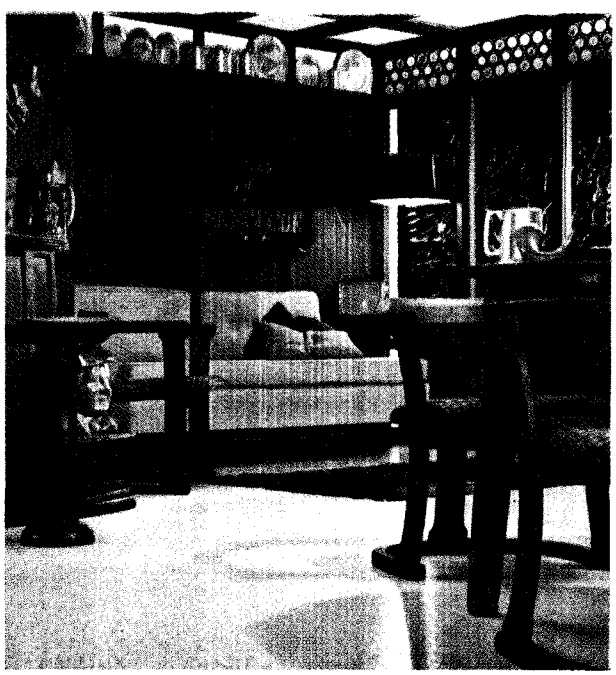
Armstrong introduces the new vinyl floor with cushioned comfort beautiful Cambrian Corlon

Cushions your step. Armstrong Cambrian Corlon is a vinyl floor with a new kind of foamed vinyl cushion underneath. It's delightfully comfortable to walk on because it *gives* under your feet.

Takes a beating—doesn't show it. For all its luxurious comfort, Cambrian is as tough and durable as any floor Armstrong has ever made for your home. Even spike heels won't leave dents in it. It gives under your heel, then comes right back.

Smothers noise. Another virtue of Cambrian Vinyl Corlon: its ability to absorb the noise of footsteps—the clatter of children at play. In addition, a floor of Cambrian Corlon dramatically reduces the noise of footsteps transmitted to a room below.

Beautiful design. New Cambrian Corlon has a warm, dappled design and comes in many beautiful colorings. It's perfect for the family room, entrance hall, children's bedrooms, kitchen—all the active rooms of your home.



Cambrian Corlon is designed for active rooms like this: a family room.

Sealed seams for easy care. Cambrian comes in wide rolls that install with scarcely a seam. Where there is a seam, it's sealed—spilled water can't seep in.

Warmer underfoot. The cushion base makes this floor warmer underfoot than most other floors.

Cambrian can be installed nearly anywhere, even over concrete.

Cambrian Corlon: comfortable, quiet, warm.

Guaranteed by Armstrong. Armstrong gives you a written guarantee with your purchase of Cambrian that covers both the material and installation, if carried out by an approved retailer. Ask your retailer for details.

Take a test walk. Test Cambrian at your Armstrong retailer's. He's listed in the Yellow Pages under "Floors." Send for a free sample of Cambrian, a list of retailers, and a 24-page color booklet on the active rooms. Armstrong, 6608 Weston Road, Lancaster, Pennsylvania.

The floors for the active rooms: vinyl floors by Armstrong

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